

SPORTS



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APRIL 18, 1955

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America has about 29 million bowlers. Some of their best games are being rolled in country clubs where businessmen, socialites and politicians keep the pins flying. A discovery by VICTOR KALMAN

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Cutting cattle out of a herd is a fast rodeo-paced sport which has grown out of old-time ranch work in the West. HY PERKIN's spectacular pictures capture its dust-flying action IN COLOR

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Signs of spring come in many ways in the West, but none is stranger than the nuptial pageant of these pompous birds, now gathered at traditional prairie mating grounds where the cock birds are strutting. IN COLOR

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The Swede, Hopson and Barkes draw the early crowds at the Masters Tournament. Then Cary Middlecoff got hot, and the outsize Memphis dentist—fidgeting and frowning—ran away from the field. An account from A. J. Watson by HERBERT WARREN WIND with photographs by JAY LEVITON



COVER: Al Rosen

Photograph by HY PERKIN

Among the more disturbing sights facing American League pitchers this season is powerful Al Rosen, his bat cocked menacingly and his eye on the pitch. Rosen, shown in batting practice in spring training (the catcher is Cleveland Coach Bill Lobe), is one of the reasons why the Indians expect to win the pennant again (see *American League preview*, pages 29-37).

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE EPIC OF TENZING

In one of the most fascinating stories ever written the great Sherpa, assisted by JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN, tells his own story of the conquest of Everest

OPENING IN K. C.

Baseball has returned to K.C., and SI's GERALD HOLLAND is there to report on the festival and the game itself as the Athletics bow to their new home town

FISH WITH THE EXPERTS

SI presents a selection of great trout flies IN COLOR chosen by SPARSE GREY HACKLE, TED JAMES, DAVE COSTELLO and TED TRUEBLOOD, plus a line on the new flies

SCOREBOARD A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Shelley Mann**, tall, trim, brown-haired, 17-year-old high school senior swim star from Arlington, Va., captured three individual titles, churned 250-yard freestyle in 2:49.4 for new U.S. record, teamed with Mary Jane Sears, Betty Mullen and Wanda Werner to cover 400-yard medley relay in 4:33.5, giving Walter Reed Hospital Swim Club of Washington, D.C. credit for world mark in National AAU women's indoor championships

at Daytona Beach, Fla. ● **Betty Mullen** of Walter Reed succeeded Shelley as 160-yard butterfly champion, won in world-record-breaking 1:05.4 in same meet. ● **Jack Bullew**, Dell Eater, John Samraiz and Ken Harpham of Bellflower, Calif. High School ran four-mile relay in 18:55, bettered national interscholastic standard by 1.6 seconds in special race at Santa Ana College Easter Relays at Santa Ana, Calif. Old record: 18:56.8.

BASEBALL

President Dwight D. Eisenhower threw out first ball at Washington, munched popcorn, cheered spiritedly, watched Manager **Charley Dressen's** Senators trounce Baltimore Orioles 12-5 before 26,684 in American League opener. Pitcher **Bob Porterfield** went route for Nats, who shelled five Oriole throwers for 10 hits. In National League, **Chicago Cubs** disappointed 32,195 Cincinnati fans, beat Redlegs 7-5 on home runs by **Gene Baker** and **Harry Chitt**. Big Ted Kluwe also homered for losers.

Wake Forest, Atlantic Coast Conference favorite, exploded for three runs in eighth, whipped North Carolina State 8-5, captured Dixie Classic title at Durham, N.C.

Tom Blackburn, slender Duke University right-hander, made first start for Blue Devils, earned 10-0 no-hit, no-run victory over Rollins College in third-place game. **Blackburn** struck out eight, walked three, retired last 13 batters in order.

GOLF

Cary Middlecoff, lanky, sharp-shooting former dentist from Memphis, began play in Masters at Augusta, Ga., with first-round 72, took over lead with amazing near-record 63, then added 72 to hold "four-stroke edge" over Ben Hogan going into final 18 holes. An aggressive 70 on last round gave him championship with 279, record-breaking seven strokes ahead of runner-up **Hogan**, who finished with 73 for 286. **Sammy Snead** was third with 287, followed by **Bob Rosburg**, **Mike Souchak** and **Julius Boros**, who matched last year's winning score of 289 to tie for fourth.

BASKETBALL

Syracuse Nationals outscored Ft. Wayne Pistons 109-104 to even National Basketball Association play-off series, chalked up thrilling 92-91 victory on **George King's** successful foul shot with 12 seconds to play in seventh game at Syracuse, N.Y. to take league championship.

Pl. Exaltis' Jim Breda, former University of Illinois star, scored with 35-foot jump shot in last second, gave Virginia soldiers 90-88 win over Camp Chaffee, Ark. for world-wide All-Army championship at Columbus, Ga.

HOCKEY

Detroit Red Wings thumped Montreal Canadiens 5-1 at Detroit after dropping two straight to aroused second-place team 4-2, 5-3, took 8-2 edge in National Hockey League play-off, needed one more victory to clinch Stanley Cup. **Husky Gordie Howe** slammed home three goals for Red Wings,

set new play-off record of 19 points scored in nine post-season games, helped **Hewitt Lindsay-Dutch Reibel** line establish new mark of 49 points. **Detroit** also accounted for new league mark with 15th straight victory in 7-1 second game, as **Lindsay** scored four times.

Pittsburgh Hornets rolled over Buffalo Bisons 4-2 at Buffalo, N.Y. for fourth win in six games, added American Hockey League's Calder Cup to title it won in regular season play.

SWIMMING

Shelley Mann's three title-winning efforts in 160-yard and 250-yard freestyle and 400-yard individual medley along with **Mary Jane Sears's** 3:29.8 victory in 250-yard breaststroke, **Betty Mullen's** record-breaking 1:05.4 in 160-yard butterfly and team triumphs in 400-yard medley and freestyle relays helped powerful **Walter Reed Hospital Swim Club** of Washington, D.C. roll up 95 points, romp off with National AAU women's indoor crown at Daytona Beach, Fla. **Pat McCormick**, slick-diving Long Beach, Calif. housewife, swept one- and three-meter events, accounted for her 20th and 21st national titles. Other winners: **Maureen Murphy** of Portland, Ore. Multnomah AC in 200-yard backstroke; **Cecale O'Connor** of Lafayette, Ind. Swim Club in 100-yard backstroke; **Carol Tait** of Santa Clara, Calif. Swim Club in 300-yard freestyle.

Hamed Mustafa, durable Egyptian, battled Nile waters for 26 miles in 8:15, next day swim 16 miles upstream in 7:57, won international marathon race at Cairo. **Helga Weiss**, 19-year-old blue-eyed blonde from West Berlin, led women swimmers with official combined time of 13:43 for 26 and six miles.

BOXING

Beaz Jack and **Ike Williams**, faded former lightweight champions attempting comeback, showed brief flashes of old-time skill, brought back memories of Williams' two victories over Jack when both were top-notches, battled to 10-round draw before 2,500 fans at Augusta, Ga.

Sandy Saddler, world featherweight champion, blasted **Kenny Davis** of Los Angeles with jabs and uppercuts for four rounds, knocked down opponent twice in fifth, won TKO in non-title bout at Butte, Mont., began agitating for lightweight title shot at Jimmy Carter.

Raul (Raton) Marins, Mexico's serious, hard-hitting, NBA-recognized world bantamweight king, made first start since winning crown last month, was down in third, came back to knock out Memo Sanchez

with terrific one-two combination to body in sixth round of non-title affair at Mexico, Mexico.

Keney Terna, high-strung, speedy Los Angeles bantamweight, stopped veteran **Henry (Pappy) Gault** of Spartanburg, S.C. in two rounds at Hollywood, Calif.

Tommy (Hurricane) Jackson, tireless, slap-punching, Far Rockaway, N.Y. heavyweight, absorbed solid blows from veteran **Archie McBride** of Trenton but kept windmilling to win surprise 10-round decision in New York.

Gil Turner, sharp-punching Philadelphia welterweight, registered repeatedly with heavy blows to head and body, smashed **Gene Fullmer** through ropes in sixth, pounded out decisive 16-round victory at Brooklyn, N.Y., handed **West Jordan**, Ut. slapper his first defeat after 29 victories.

Pl. Still lost five of eight finals but managed to score 32 points, enough to dethrone **Pl. Hood**, Tex. in Fourth Army championships at Ft. Still, Okla. Winners: **Leroy Jeffery** won 125-pound title by TKO, was selected as outstanding boxer.

Camp Lejeune took six individual titles, dominated world-wide All-Marine tournament at Miami, Fla. **Lejeune's Jack Lennon** outpointed **Jimmy Collins** of Miami in 125-pound class, was named outstanding fighter.

POLO

New York AC scored twice in closing minutes to break 16, outscored **Squadron A** 14-12, retained Eastern indoor 12-goal championship in tournament final at New York. **Zenna AC** hammered home seven goals to lead winners' attack.

HORSE RACING

Social Outcast, **Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's** 5-year-old son of **Shut Out**, got perfect ride from **Jockey Eric Gaerlin**, outran **Fisherman** with handsome stretch sprint, won by nose in photofinish in record-breaking 1:42 3/5 for mile-and-sixteenth in fourth-year \$82,608 **John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap** at Bowie, Md.

Go Lightly, 16-1 shot who had never before competed in stakes race, best off challenge of another underdog, **Mr. Al L.**, went on to take \$30,400 **Gotham Stakes** by half-length at Jamaica, N.Y. Favored **Simsy** faded badly, wound up fourth.

Dromedex, **George W. Offutt 2nd's** gray gelding, breezed over post and rail to easy eighth-length victory in **Deep Run Hunt Cup** steeplechase at Richmond, Va., set new track record of 5:49 4/5 for three miles. **F. D. (Dooley) Adams**, top-ranked U.S. steeplechase jockey, saddled four winners

**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



The Question:

**Women are not permitted
to compete in national
and international fishing
tournaments.
Should they be?**

MRS. FREDERICK R. WEISSMAR, Palm

**Beach
Housewife**



"No. In England it isn't cricket for a wife to call a club to see if her husband is there. It's his refuge. That's the way it should be. There's only one club like it in the U.S., the Whist Club in New York."

**WALTER I. McDOROUGH, Booth Bay, Me.,
Chairman, Atlantic
Tuna Tournament**



"Certainly. I'm not responsible for this rule. Walter O'Malley had it passed when he was chairman. He browbeat me and made me stand up and be counted when the vote was taken. Ladies, write to him with your grapes. Address him in care of the Brooklyn Dodgers."

**BILLIE BURKE, Palm Beach
Actress**



"No. Men want to get away. Living and other conditions at sea are salty, to say the least. Women would be in the way. Men would

have to enter to them. The women who insist they can compete with men in a tournament which takes days and requires a lot of stamina are just fooling themselves."

FLEET ADM. WILLIAM F. RALSEY,



**New York
USN, Ret.**

"Do women really want to compete? Judging by the job our Navy Waves do, they'd be good competitors. But think it over, ladies. Take a tip from this old sailor. It gets mighty rough out there sometimes. I've been told that a seasick lady doesn't look too glamorous."

SARAH HELLER DE GRANDCOURT,



**Paris and New York
Socialite**

"No. Fishing is the men's last refuge. They want to get away from their wives. Can you blame them? A smart woman won't compete with a man. She'll build up his ego while remaining her sweet and feminine self. Women who catch the biggest fish are those who follow this philosophy."

**COL. EDWARD L. AUSTIN, USA, New Haven
Professor of Military
Science and Tactics,
Yale University**



"No. The long periods which these competitions require are not compatible with feminine charm. Imagine the language when

someone loses a 600-pound tuna. It's no place for women when men reveal their basic character. Constant restraint on the men would make the fish laugh."

**EUGENIE MARROR, Bristol, R. J.
Internationally famed
angler**



"Of course. Women welcome the battle of the sexes. Men don't. Can't you guess why? To protect male ego. To be beaten by a woman is unthinkable. In fishing that's a strong possibility. Women have a nice sense of rhythm and balance and a keen sensitivity in handling light or heavy tackle."

**LUIS MUNOZ MARIN, San Juan
Governor of Puerto Rico**



"Of course. In Puerto Rico women are expert fishermen. They add to the enjoyment of fishing. And they are sporting competitors. Alberto Bachman owns a tiny island here. His hobby is fishing, but his wife and daughter trim him regularly. Rather than tear his hair out he's proud of them."

JOHN E. MAHAFFEY, Springfield, Mo.
TV and radio producer



"Certainly, There's one big argument in their favor. A lot of men would be able to fish if their wives compete. And the fish would fight with each other for the privilege of biting at a charming woman's line. The outstanding angler in our town is a woman, Sylvie Eckbert."

DENNY CROWNSHIELD, Manchester, Mass.
Notionally known
fisherman



"Yes, Men like you to think that they want to get away from the telephone and their wives, but they're really afraid women will hook them at their own sport. Hooking a big fish takes a lot of luck. I admit it. A man won't, I landed an 882-pound tuna in an hour and 59 minutes. Sure I was lucky."

JOHN E. PEARSON, Riverside, Conn.
Company president



"Why not? I pride myself on being a pretty good fisherman. But my wife has it all over me. She's really an expert. A lot of men can take lessons from her. She caught the biggest blue marlin I ever saw, a 399-pounder. Prior to that she hooked the biggest goldfish on record—me."

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**NEXT WEEK'S
QUESTION:**

Where do you think your
team will finish
in the pennant race
this year?

MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

Many times I think of that morning at Camp Nine. We have spent the night there, Hillary and I, in our little tent at almost 28,000 feet, which is the highest that men have ever slept. It has been a cold night. Hillary's boots are frozen, and we are almost frozen too. But now in the gray light, when we creep from the tent, there is almost no wind. The sky is clear and still. And that is good.

We look up. For weeks, for months, that is all we have done. Look up. And there it is—the top of Everest. Only it is different now: so near, so close, only a little more than a thousand feet above us. It is no longer just a dream, a high dream in the sky, but a real and solid thing, a thing of rock and snow, that men can climb. We make ready. We will climb it. This time, with God's help, we will climb on to the end.

Then I look down. All the rest of the world is under us. To the west, Nuptse; to the south, Lhotse; to the east, Makalu: all of them great mountain tops, and beyond them hundreds of others, all under us. I see that Hillary is looking too, and I point. Below the glacier, 16,000 feet down, you can just see in the gray light the old monastery of Thyangboche.

To Hillary perhaps it does not mean so much. To a man from the West it is only a far strange place in a far strange country. But for me it is home. Beyond Thyangboche are the valleys and villages of Solo Khumbu, and there I was born and grew up. On the tall hillsides above them I climbed as a boy, tending my father's yaks. Home is close now. I can almost stretch out my hand and touch it. But if it is close, it is also far. Much farther than 16,000 feet. As we strap on our oxygen tanks I think back to the boy, so close and so far, who had never heard of oxygen, but yet looked up at this mountain and dreamed.

Then we turn around, Hillary and I. We begin to climb.

It is many miles and many years that have brought me here.



THESE are the opening paragraphs of the book by the Sherpa, Tenzing Norgay, which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** will begin publishing next week. In four installments Tenzing (in collaboration with the distinguished author on mountaineering, James Ramsey Ullman) tells his life, from his childhood in far-off Nepal where on clear days he looked up and saw the ultimate peak, Everest, to the day in May, 1953, when he stood upon it with Sir Edmund Hillary and looked down. For the first time the full story is told of the last few minutes of the history-making climb. And Tenzing tells too of the world he found when he descended—a world at times as remote from that to which he was born as the summit of Everest from the farthest depth of the Pacific Ocean.

Our Managing Editor, Sid James, predicts that this book, which will be published this summer, will rest at the top of the best-seller list for many months. Indeed, he thinks it will eventually be judged one of the finest books of the 20th century.

It is a story of high adventure, of the supreme achievement of great human beings drawn together in a common cause. It is a story of man rising above himself.

Harry Phillips

LOVE CONQUERS AUL!



ONCE there was a man named George B. Aul, who was unmarried. Although he had had some awfully close calls, he had always got off the hook. But he was a nervous type, and worried for fear he'd get mouse-trapped.

"Stop fretting, George," said one of his fishing companions. "Trade in your car on a 1955 Nash Ambassador. Then if some gal gets after you, you can hop in the car and head for the hills. She can't catch you, because

that new Ambassador Jetfire V-8 engine has 208 horses and is hotter than a pistol. And with that wonderful Twin Travel Bed arrangement, and that huge luggage compartment for supplies, you can drive the car back in some old logging trail and live right in the Nash until it's safe to come out!"

"Great idea!" said George. "Been meaning to get a Nash anyway." So he bought a '55 model with All-Season Air Conditioning*, Airliner Reclining Seats, Safety-Vu headlights, the widest

front seat of any new car and a whole slew of other nifty features.

Up to this time none of the unattached females in town had paid much attention to George, because the fact is he wasn't any great bargain. But as soon as he started driving around in a Pinin Farina-styled Nash, the girls let the air out of his tires and drew lots to see who got him, and before you could say, "New Seena-Ramie windshield," he was standing in front of a parson saying, "I do."

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American Motors Corporation,
Detroit 22, Michigan



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The shifting odds • The presidential pitchers • The happy golfer • No place to hot-rod • Indoor sports lose playing fields • To catch trout in Milwaukee • Gentleman jockey

ENOUGH SAID

A EUPHORIC FALLOUT drifted across the country, saturating the baseball community. League officials loved owners, owners loved managers, managers spoke highly of players, and Casey Stengel talked pleasantly to a photographer. It was a time of year when even the Kansas City fans, enjoying a heady sniff of major league baseball without yet having to swallow a performance by the Athletics, dreamt of finishing seventh.

Expert opinion prevailed that Cleveland would retain its American League pennant and meet Milwaukee in the World Series. In Las Vegas, where the prophets back their predictions with hard cash, the odds were out and went like this:

NATIONAL	AMERICAN
Giants 6-5	Indians Even
Dodgers 7-5	Yankees 6-5
Braves 7-2	White Sox 5-1
Cardinals 15-1	Red Sox 29-1
Redlegs 15-1	Tigers 20-1
Phillies 15-1	Senators 20-1
Cubs 50-1	Orioles 100-1
Pirates 50-1	Athletics 100-1

If it's any comfort, Las Vegas last year picked the winning Indians and Giants to finish second and fourth respectively.

THE FIRST PITCH

HAVING LEARNED his lesson in 1953 when he came near missing the event in favor of golf, Dwight Eisenhower once more opened the baseball

season. Standing in the flag-draped Presidential box in Washington, Ike faced the cameras and assembled ball-players, pounded his glove and lobbed a pitch to Infielder Pete Rynnells.

The first first-ball pitcher was a portly right-hander from Cincinnati named William Howard Taft, who threw from under a tall silk hat his first time out. The year was 1910, and Taft opened the baseball season at the request of Ban Johnson, president of the American League. Johnson thought the Presidential appearance would give a lift to sagging attendance, and it did. Twelve thousand fans—a record Washington turnout—were on hand to cheer Taft and the baseball Senators. Al-

though Taft's ample girth was not prohibitive for a pitcher, as Fred Fitzsimmons and Hugh Casey later proved in competition, he was wild. Having shed his gray kid gloves, he wound up and let fly towards Catcher Gabby Street, who was waiting at home plate. To everyone's surprise, the ball sailed off to starboard and into the glove of Fitcher Walter Johnson, who was observing the event from the mound.

Two years later an enterprising pitcher named Clark Griffith took over the management of the Washington club. He asked Taft to repeat the opening-pitch ceremony, and the President obliged with a performance that

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Bookies in Philadelphia (Blinky Palermo's home grounds), Wilmington and Trenton were simultaneously deluged with bets on underdog Tony DeMarco just a few hours before Blinky's 3-1 favorite, Johnny Saxton, lost the title to Tony in Boston. . . Eddie Arraro got a 10-day suspension for careless riding at Bowie, Md., will be unable to ride Natchua in his heralded encounter with Summer Tan in the Wood Memorial—his replacement will be Ted Ackleson. . . 17-year-old swimmer Shelley Mann, who recovered from a disappointing performance at the Pan-Am Games by gulping vitamin pills and reading both *The Power of Positive Thinking* and a Donald Duck comic book, re-established herself as the hottest U.S. woman swimmer by a triple victory (100- and 250-yard freestyle, the 400-yard individual medley) in the Woman's National AAU meet at Daytona Beach. . . college rowing begins this week (Navy meets Princeton, Columbia meets Rutgers) with eastern experts, among them Coach Rusty Callow, author of Navy's three-year winning streak, touting Cornell as the "crew of the year." . . U.S. Olympic prospects (for 1956) received a boost when a North Phoenix, Ariz. high school sophomore named Jim Brewer pole-vaulted 13 feet 9½ inches in his bare feet. . . meanwhile, Olympic Official Avery Brundage bluntly complained (in Brisbane) that Australian preparations for the 1956 games are lagging badly. . . The Masters golf tournament dramatized indomitable Ben Hogan's age (42) and aches—he limped noticeably as Winner Cary Middlecoff pulled out to a seven-stroke lead in the final round. . . the Fort Wayne Pistons, who have never won a basketball game in Syracuse, had to play four of seven NBA championship games there against the Syracuse Nationals and lost the title (match) four games to three.

showed marked improvement in his control.

Clark Griffith has observed 44 first pitches by eight White House hurlers and 11 by Vice Presidents summoned from the hall pen when the President was unavailable. Of these, Griffith rates austere Woodrow Wilson as the most genuine ball fan. During the closing years of his life, when he was crippled by a stroke, Wilson frequently drove to the ball park and watched the game from the tonneau of his car parked near the right-field fence. Griffith generally sent an idle player out that way to protect Wilson from errant fly balls.

Warren Harding displayed the only real Presidential fireball, but he had a



head start. Back in Marion, Ohio, Harding once owned a ball team of his own. Calvin Coolidge could take baseball or leave it alone, preferably the latter, and he looked as uncomfortable trying to throw a baseball as he did in the feathered headdress of an Indian chief. However, Mrs. Coolidge loved the game and always marked her scorecard diligently. Once at a World Series game between the Senators and Giants, Coolidge started to leave early, but Mrs. Coolidge grabbed his coat tail and hauled him back into his seat.

Like Wilson, Herbert Hoover once managed his college ball team (Stanford), so he had more than a nodding acquaintance with the game. Hoover's throwing was both slow and wild, and twice he completely missed the crowd of players assembled in front of the Presidential box (by that time it was customary for the players to scramble for the first pitch, with the winner taking the hall to the President for an autograph). On both those occasions the ball was retrieved by an umpire, who was allowed to keep it.

Naturally, Franklin Roosevelt threw in more first balls (eight) than anyone else. He was exceptionally wild for a right-hander, once hitting the camera of one of the vast battery of photographers who always assemble in front of the Presidential box for the rite. The ball bounced into the hands of a cop who kept it. Roosevelt was not a ball park regular, but he could talk about baseball knowledgeably and frequently discussed the state of the Senators with

Griffith. A few days before he died he said to Griffith: "I feel just like a baseball club would feel going into the ninth inning when they had only eight men to play the game."

Harry Truman, whose boyhood athletics were restricted by poor eyesight, threw the ball awkwardly, but he had one edge over all other opening-day pitchers: he was ambidextrous. He used to get laughs by crossing up the photographers and throwing from the side they least expected. Bess Truman and Margaret were the fans in the Truman family, although Harry enjoyed the afternoons in the Presidential box with his family and White House pals.

In scolding Eisenhower for his failure to put the 1953 opener on his schedule, Washington *Post* Sports Editor Bus Ham summed up the meaning of the opening day at Griffith Stadium. "It lets the entire nation know it is now time to play ball."

BILLY JOE, 1955

AT Augusta's Masters Tournament the sensation of last year's event, Billy Joe Patton, played himself out of the running on the first round with a 79 and subsequently became just another player—almost. The difference implied in the "almost" was twofold. First, throughout his remaining three rounds Billy Joe, while never catching fire, always was escorted by a fairly large-sized gallery of golf fans who had never before seen the young man from Morganton in action and were naturally curious to observe "The Golfer of 1954." And second, the man they watched, scoring so unsensationally, was still Billy Joe Patton, an extraordinary guy able to ride out disappointment with the same expressive poise with which he handled the sudden fame that came his way a year ago.



FIRST FLIGHT

*The matador's
No longer tense;
See how he wars
Above the fence!*

—IRWIN L. STEIN

At the end of his first round, as Billy Joe walked off the course, he came upon a covey of reporters. "Say," he called over with humor in his voice, "I don't notice you fellows tagging after me for my life story after that 79." The next day, as he approached the first tee to begin his second round, a friend in the gallery called him over to introduce a Billy Joe fan from the West Coast who wished him a very hot round. "I doubt very much if I have one in my system," Patton replied. "You're just a year too late."

Since many golf fans are inclined to be critical when a publicized star scores well into the 70s let alone fails to hole out five-irons, some of the spectators who saw William J. Patton for the first time may have felt let down. The majority didn't. The amateur from Morganton always manages to get across. "I sure wished I could have got rolling," he sighed when the tournament was over, "but a fellow like me who plays in streaks has to take the cold with the hot. That's really the way it goes for all of us, and any man who tangles with golf learns that he can't allow his play in any one tournament to mar his enjoyment of the game."

"I just hope I'm a few degrees nearer the boiling point when we play those Walker Cup matches in Scotland. I could be. I hear there's hardly any shrubbery at all to get into on St. Andrews."

THE ROARING ROAD

ONE of the first American hot-rodders was a man named William K. Vanderbilt, founder of the Vanderbilt Cup Races (1904-37), which deprived Long Island potato farmers of their highway rights and riled them to the point of rebellion until they discovered that they could charge \$25 a car for parking space to those who wanted to gape at the racers. On a recent night the ghost of William K. was heard to emit a low, throaty growl, much like that of a car with a cutout muffler, as New Jersey police grappled with the hot-rod problem and in doing so arrested 62 hot-rodders.

New Jersey is so traffic-laden that all its highways are heavily traveled. Route 72, though, the main highway from Philadelphia to the Jersey shore, is one of the state's few lightly traveled roads during the winter months and especially at night. It has, furthermore, a straight stretch of some 14 miles, ideal for hot-rodding.

The stretch has been so used. The murmuring pines of Burlington County

have been bending low to the whoosh of speeding cars. The sleep of those who live along Route 72 has been ravaged by the roar of racing engines.

But the state police were unable to catch the rodders at it. The racers, with an eye to safety and for the appearance of speed cops, were informed by signals from a railroad overpass whenever police appeared or traffic impeded the road. It worked fine until State Trooper Leonard Miller stepped out onto the road and waved a flashlight at a couple of on-rushing cars. Brakes squealed and the drivers came to a dutiful, abashed halt. Other troopers then rounded up 61 men and a young woman who was gallantly released as a mere spectator. Most were either racers or clockers. They, too, were released, on their own recognition, pending the drawing up of charges. The clockers may present something of a legal problem. What can a clocker be accused of?

New Jersey now for the first time encounters a puzzle which has been solved quite simply in other states, starting with California, where police for years have cooperated with the hot-rodders, providing tracks and drag-strips on which they can race to their engines' content. The Automobile Timing Association of America and similar groups have worked to systematize the sport, establishing safety rules and classification standards for racing. It has worked out very well in California, Illinois, Ohio, Texas, New York, Michigan, Oregon, Washington, Florida and other states.

Furthermore, the dignity of the hot-rodder has been elevated in the public eye, sometimes inclined to see him as a speed maniac. The ATAA has come up with a definition of him which goes, a little stuffily, like this:

"A law-abiding mechanical hobbyist who alters his vehicle to give it increased safety and better performance." While the definition might easily fit a cyclist who puts snow tires on his bike, it serves to distinguish the hot-rodder from the shot-rodder: "A lawless, speed-crazy motorist who races his souped-up car on public streets, recklessly endangering the lives of pedestrians and other motorists."

What the ATAA wants is for states like New Jersey to give their hot-rodders a few fundamental facilities where they can, without surreptitiousness, try out their ideas for mechanical improvement of their cars. One of the fundamentals is a drag-strip—a half-mile paved area, four lanes wide—where the rodders can test their cars in

competition. In many areas unused airports, some of which were abandoned after World War II, have proved ideal.

PARLOR GAMES & FREE BEER

NEW YORK is full of people who care deeply about night harness races. When the season opened at Westbury, L.I. on April 1, an enterprising TV station 40 miles away in Newark, N.J. soon began telecasting the whole card, eight races a night.

This was smart promotional ingenuity, all right, but it hardly deserves to be ranked with the real ingenuity displayed by a number of gaming entrepreneurs (on police blotters they are defined more simply as bookies) who took the tidings from Newark as a signal to emerge from the cracks of Manhattan's sidewalks and venture forth into the lucrative world of television entertainment. The bookies put some solid thinking into the state of harness racing and television, and out of their whirling brains came a dandy scheme to save all race-goers a lot of trouble: Why not hold the nightly trotting sessions in their own parlors?

Likely recruits for these peaceful, relaxing evenings-at-home were roped in from bus terminals or from taxi drivers or from a crew of game guys and dolls who simply love to bet—and would, even if it were only on the outcome of a turtle race in Times Square.

Some of the gaming parlors, so the report goes, really put on the dog on racing nights. The host, who was never too busy to take his guests' betting money, graciously offered his visitors free beer and cold cuts, and between races those who weren't tackling statistics for the next heat were cordially

invited to pass the time with a dance step or two. Meanwhile, a well-conditioned running accomplice at the track would gallop (no trotter he) to the nearest phone after each race and flash the official payoff to his television headquarters. One payoff over, all hands would squint into their wide screen all over again—and again and again through half the night.

But, alas, this was all too good to last. It took less than one week for alert Sportswriter Jimmy Cannon of the New York Post to learn of the parlor doings and break the story of how gamblers were putting television to busy but illegal use. Westbury officials may have known something besides a harness whip was in the wind, too, for attendance had been down 3,000 to 5,000 since the telecasting began. From now on the Newark station will televise only one race a night—a situation which leaves the gaming set the alternative of learning to enjoy more living-room dancing or getting their money out to Westbury in person.

INDOOR IZAAK WALTON

IT IS HARD not to feel that Jerome Anthony Cefala, 19, is the most fiendishly efficient indoor trout fisherman in the world, rescinding though that claim may sound. There can be no doubt at all, however, that he is the undisputed champion indoor trout snaffer of Milwaukee, Wis. In fact, he has been barred from the fishing pool of the Milwaukee *Sexton's* annual sports show (50¢ for 15 minutes of dabbling a fly over stage-struck hatchery trout) on the grounds of being a public nuisance.

continued on next page



"Go ahead. We're looking for an earring and a wrist watch."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 15

Most fishermen shudder at the idea of standing over a sports-show pool surrounded by giggling housewives and pushing teen-agers and fishing with a four-foot line and a limp fly. Not Jerry. Most of the housewives and teen-agers discover that the trout are too startled by public life to do more than roll their eyes in horror. But Jerry has learned ways of charming them. The thing to do, he says, is pick a white fly. Drop it behind a swimming fish (a trout who is simply finning will not feed), let it sink, yank it along parallel to the intended victim and then at a 45° angle past his nose. Twitch it enticingly. The trout will grab it.

In his three years of utilizing this technique at the *Serifin*'s annual show alone Jerry has practically cleaned out the trout concession, its fish, its prizes, its good will toward men. In 1953 he won a free vacation and spent it fishing for trout. Last year he won a \$3,500 log cabin (for catching a two-pound four-ounce rainbow), a Minnesota canoe trip (for catching another big fish) and a week in northern Wisconsin (during which he and a pal caught 72 walleyed pike in three days). This year he won a free trip to Las Vegas and three one-week vacations in northern Wisconsin for having made the biggest catches on three different days.

It was not easy. Jerry showed up as soon as the show opened in the morning, bought a ticket, fished his 15 minutes, bought another ticket and waited in line for a place at the pool again. He fished nearly 10 hours a day, lived on hot dogs and spent some \$50 for tickets. He caught more than 100 trout (which he cleaned meticulously and gave away to family and friends) before he was approached on the third hour of the seventh day and asked to turn in his rod and depart. But Jerry was incensed. So was his family. They hired a lawyer who got a court order restraining the pool operators from restraining Jerry from fishing during the last days of the show. The operators, apparently driven to distraction, barred him anyhow. As the show closed, the lawyer prepared to seek damages for the "embarrassment and humiliation" caused his client. Jerry was pretty sore. Jerry is a fellow who likes to fish.

HORSE RACE: PARIS, SPRING

ON A SOFT spring afternoon, the prospect of handsome Group Captain Peter Townsend up in a race at

Maisons-Laffitte was enough to make the heart of Paris skip a romantic beat. It did. When the gentlemen jockeys trooped to the scales of the half-timbered old Norman paddock the area was a crush of happy, misty-eyed faces, mostly young and pretty.

"Qu'il est beau," emanated from a hundred pretty throats. "Win it for Margaret." It seemed highly appropriate that one of the horses entered in the event, the 3-million-franc Prix Henri de Vésian, was a filly named *Princesse Charmante* (owned, however, by Prince Aly Khan).

Though he had ridden in races for gentlemen jockeys at Brussels, to which he was brusquely transferred as air attaché in the British embassy as soon as rumors about his friendship with Princess Margaret reached point, Townsend was making his Paris debut. Rising early on race day, he drove to Maisons-Laffitte and had a look at his mount, a good-looking dappled gray named Nemrod. Then he changed into boots and a sweater and breezed two horses in exercise. The railblades clicked approvingly: "*Mais très bien*. Strong arms and a good seat."

As a matter of fact, Townsend is rated good with a horse, a dog or a gun, and in 1950 he placed second in

the King's Cup air race while flying Princess Margaret's plane. As equerry to King George VI he charmed the sports-loving king and the rest of the British royal family with his abilities as a crack shot and a raconteur about dogs and hunting.

By race time Nemrod, owned by Carol Hanna of London, was a 5-4 favorite. The distance, 1,600 meters, was right for him, but in view of doubts about his ability in soft going it was suggested that sentimental bets had something to do with the short odds.

The Prix de Vésian started on the far side of the turf track. It was a sunny, warm day, but the going underfoot was heavy.

After milling behind the wire the horses broke in a bunch—except for Nemrod. He was far back. After two furlongs, Townsend and Nemrod still were running last. Then Townsend took his mount inside at the head of the stretch, and in the stretch it was Dojana first, *Princesse Charmante* second, with Nemrod closing fast.

In a driving finish Nemrod elipped Dojana by a head, with *Princesse Charmante* third.

"He came, we saw him and he conquered," wrote the ordinarily crisp *Paris Turf*.

SPECTACLE

CARY CASHES IN

Dr. Cary Middlecoff, the Masters winner, waited out his birdies and conquered lovely Augusta National, one of golf's works of art

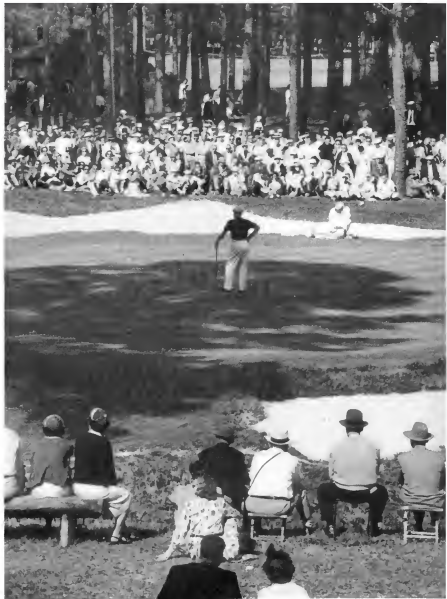
During most of the four days at Augusta, weather and skill joined to satisfy the most particular golfing appetites. Sunlight playing through the tall pines wove patterns of light and shadow across the rolling landscape of Bob Jones's dream course. Dr. Cary Middlecoff received a congratulatory buss from pretty Mrs. Frank Clement, wife of the governor of Tennessee, who stood generously aside. He played a safe and sane game from the start, yet on his second round the birdies began to fall, and Middlecoff's resulting 65 became the second lowest score in Masters history. From then on he was never threatened, and he finished with a comfortable seven-stroke lead over runner-up Ben Hogan (see following two pages). For the more than 30,000 fans and 78 golfers, the Masters proved, as usual, to be the highlight of the winter's golf. For a running account of the play by HERBERT WARREN WIND, a short word sketch of Master Middlecoff and more pictures of the new champion, turn to page 58.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAY LEVITON





LAME, WEARY AND FOUR STROKES OFF THE PACE, BEN HOGAN LEANS ON HIS PUTTER AND WATCHES



LLOYD MANGRUM CHIP AT 16th AS SHADOWS FROM THE TALL PINES FALL ON THE AGING CHAMP



RITE OF SPRING SINCE 1910—THE PRESIDENT OF THE U.S. OPENS THE BASEBALL SEASON

THEY ALL PUT KANSAS CITY LAST

Surgeon Smith does a deft exploratory operation on the soft underbelly of the American League, caustically drags forth a burgeoning fact the league has chosen to ignore: the item it is richest in is Very Red Teams

by RED SMITH

SPRING and the ballplayers were creeping north on reluctant feet, scenting the air with peach blossoms, arnica and sweat. Businessmen lunching together in New York argued baseball and challenged one another to hand-icup the pennant races, as thousands of others may have been doing at the same moment in a hundred other cities.

There were 10 at the table in New York. When they had drawn up their forecasts for the American League, five had the Yankees on top and the Indians second; five had Cleveland on top and New York second; all had the White Sox third; all placed Kansas City last.

These were amateur handcrappers, which means they could be misguided, though probably not so grievously misinformed as the professionals whose opinions get published. Yet amateur or pro, their Delphic doodling called sharply to attention a fact which the American League prefers to ignore:

From third place down, there isn't any American League race. The league is out of joint like a contortionist's sacroiliac, unbalanced like the books of a horse-playing bank teller.

To put it with uncharitable candor, within less than two years two fran-

chises have died and gone to Baltimore and Kansas City, whose resemblance to Heaven is superficial; as far as championship pretensions go, all but three are strictly from Saskatoon.

It is difficult to say how this came about in a league that used to go around busting its buttons with smug pride in its acknowledged superiority to the older National League. Maybe that smug pride is the answer; American Leaguers have been living in the past. They still think of their lodge in terms of Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb and Connie Mack, and while they preened themselves they were left behind.

Finding themselves in trouble, the owners have resorted to the oldest, seediest dodge known to the heads of poor ball clubs. They have taken to firing the manager.

As this season begins, only two of the eight teams are under the direction of the men who managed them last year. Casey Stengel, a handy-legged godling, remains in New York where he has become a tourist attraction like the Radio City Music Hall or the Empire State Building. Al Lopez, whose Indians won the pennant last season, returns to Cleveland.

Paul Richards, whose White Sox finished third, quit Chicago to make better money as general manager and field manager in Baltimore. The five other managers got fired because their employers could think of no better way to make the fans believe they were trying.

Here's how the brains are distributed: Marty Marion's intellect now operates on behalf of the White Sox; Bucky Harris does the thinking for Detroit; Mike Higgins is apprentice genius in Boston; Charley Dressen's gray matter belongs to Washington; Lou Boudreau's skull encases most of the Kansas City talent.

All are gifted men, lacking nothing
continued on page 23

COLLECTORS' ITEMS

Baseball's opening day found the bubble-gum season in full stride, small collectors scurrying everywhere in their determination to get every trading card available, including the choice selection of American Leaguers presented on the opposite page (courtesy Tappan Chewing Gum, Inc.)



ARNOLD PORTOCARRERO

1st base KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS



HAL SMITH

catcher BALTIMORE ORIOLES



FERRIS FAIN

1st base DETROIT TIGERS



BOB TURLEY

pitcher NEW YORK YANKEES



AL ROSEN

3rd base CLEVELAND INDIANS



BOB KEEGAN

CHICAGO WHITE SOX



FRANK SULLIVAN

pitcher BOSTON RED SOX



ROY SIEVERS

outfield WASHINGTON NATIONALS

ALBERT LEONARD ROSEN

TOPPER
70

Height 5'10 1/2"
Weight 180
Bats Right
Throws Right
Home
Cleveland, Ohio
Born
March 1, 1925
C.T.C.C.
1945-46

One of the most feared power hitters in baseball, "Flip" placed high among the R.B.I. leaders last season. It was the 5th straight year he's chased more than 100 runs across the plate. In '53, Al was the first man unanimously voted the Most Valuable Player in his first full season at Cleveland, he led the League with 37 homers and has twice captured the R.B.I. Crown (1952-1953).

DRIFTY RETIERS



412 851 52142 8496 14547 589

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD

	Games	At Bats	Runs	Hits	RBI	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	121	486	98	148	26	2	.304	.862	.300	101	18	978		
Life	744	2812	428	1022	134	17	.284	.775	.285	1278	1400	51	367	

FIELDING

Robert Charles KEEGAN

TOPPER
10

Height 6'2 1/2"
Weight 207
Bats Right
Throws Right
Home
Rochester, N.Y.
Born
Aug. 4, 1922
A.F.C.
1945-46

The handsome former Beekmantown University Baseball Star began like a "house alive" last year with a 22-3 record by July! Bob has the ability to scatter his opponents' bats and throw down when the pressure is on. He joined the Sox in '53 after a brilliant year at Syracuse where he racked up 29 Wins. Starting as a Yankee farmhand he's prized for Kansas City, Newark and Washington.

DRIFTY RETIERS



704 12 104 24742 589

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Wins	Loss	ERA	IP	SO	BB	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	31	218	16	9	640	201	86	22	.28	.32	.32	2.60				
Life	53	309	23	14	822	281	118	102	.28	.32	.32	2.87				

Franklin Leal SULLIVAN

TOPPER
106

Height 6'7 1/2"
Weight 210
Bats Right
Throws Right
Home
Baltimore, Calif.
Born
Jan. 23, 1930

Formerly a relief pitcher, "Sully" left the Red Sox ball pen last year to take over a starting role. It proved to be one of the most successful Boston experiments since the Tea Party! He led the Sox mound staff in almost every department including Wins! That adds (1) Most Complete Games, (1) Best E.R.A. and Victories. Frank joined Boston late in '53 and earned 3 Wins.

DRIFTY RETIERS



412 851 52142 8496 14547 589

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Wins	Loss	ERA	IP	SO	BB	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	36	296	15	12	596	185	81	22	.284	.32	.32	2.40				
Life	90	237	18	12	587	206	87	68	.284	.32	.32	2.40				

ROY EDWARD SIEVERS

TOPPER
16

Height 6'1"
Weight 155
Bats Right
Throws Right
Home
St. Louis, Mo.
Born
Nov. 12, 1926
C.T.C.C.
1945-46

Roy found a home with the Senators last year and showed his gratitude by leading the team in homers and R.B.I.'s. He placed 6th in the American League for driving in runs and had a terrific 446 Slugging Average. Roy batted with Hamish in '47, and showed his terrific power by leading the League in Runs, Hits, Homers and R.B.I.'s. In '48 with the Browns, he was Rookie-of-the-Year.

DRIFTY RETIERS



412 851 52142 8496 14547 589

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD

	Games	At Bats	Runs	Hits	RBI	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	145	514	75	118	26	8	.24	.602	.320	125	8	379		
Life	532	1738	250	454	84	12	.26	.761	.358	1040	125	35	385	

FIELDING

ARNOLD MARIO PORTOCARRERO

TOPPER
77

Height 6'3"
Weight 195
Bats Right
Throws Right
Home
Berthage, N.Y.
Born
July 5, 1931

Arnold returned from 2 years in the Army last season, ready to go! Not only was he the "winningest" pitcher on the A's staff but he posted the team's best E.R.A. Signed to an A's contract after a sensational schoolboy record, Arnold won 9 games at West Palm Beach in '50, and followed with 32 Wins at Lincoln in '51. He's one of the most promising young pitchers in the A.L.

DRIFTY RETIERS



412 851 52142 8496 14547 589

MAJOR & MINOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Wins	Loss	ERA	IP	SO	BB	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	34	248	9	18	320	230	124	112	.182	.184						
Life	83	409	21	25	637	384	189	152	.175	.176						

Harold Wayne SMITH

TOPPER
8

Height 6'
Weight 195
Bats Right
Throws Right
Home
Lincoln, Pa.
Born
Dec. 7, 1930
C.T.C.C.
1945-46

The Braves hope that Hal will add plenty of hits to the lineup in '55. Judging by his Major League record, there's every reason to believe he won't drop out there! Hal batted .363 for Newark in '50 with 208 R.B.I.'s. Al Quacy in '51 he hit .308 and batted .311 for Birmingham in '53. Last season he was the star of the Amer. Assoc. and he won the Bunting Title.

PUZZLER



412 851 52142 8496 14547 589

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD

	Games	At Bats	Runs	Hits	RBI	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	118	386	31	129	29	3	.33	.826	.327	84	12	4		
Life	812	2746	258	862	135	18	.29	.730	.318	2882	423	87		

FERRIS ROY FAIN

TOPPER
11

Height 5'11"
Weight 174
Bats Left
Throws Left
Home
Waukegan, Calif.
Born
Mar. 29, 1927

After being on the sidelines most of last season with knee injury, Ferris was traded to Detroit during the winter. His absence from the White Sox lineup was a big blow to them! '54 Ferris hopes With the A's in '51 he led the A.L. with a .348 mark. The next year he repeated his sensational performance and was high man with 337 topping the 300 in Bunting and Doubles.

DRIFTY RETIERS



412 851 52142 8496 14547 589

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD

	Games	At Bats	Runs	Hits	RBI	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	45	238	38	71	18	1	.30	.862	.308	21	8			
Life	1627	3870	543	1622	242	18	.26	.688	.292	1040	100	123		

ROBERT LEE TURLEY

TOPPER
38

Height 6'2"
Weight 215
Bats Right
Throws Right
Home
St. Louis, Mo.
Born
Sept. 19, 1930
C.T.C.C.
1945-46

Sliver! Bob will be wearing a Yankee uniform this season after enjoying a sensational year at Baltimore in '54. One of the most talked-about newcomers, he has a bullet like fast ball that helped him rank as No. 1 Strikeout artist in the '54 last year. Bob posted the Braves in '51 and after two years in the Army, he returned to regular 61 Strikeouts in only 61 innings in '53.

RECORD BUSTERS



412 851 52142 8496 14547 589

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Wins	Loss	ERA	IP	SO	BB	HR	BA	OPS	Slugging	BB	SO	PO	Errors	Fielding %
Year	25	243	14	15	480	178	104	35	.185	.186						
Life	46	304	18	22	621	224	126	123	.191	.191						

RED SMITH

continued from page 20

save ballplayers. Five of them figure to be lonely men this summer, pretty generally ignored while the fans watch New York, Cleveland and Chicago. What of these three? Well, take the Indians first, since they are defending champions.

Chances are there is no such title as "world's greatest baseball scout." If there were, nobody would have a stronger claim to it than slick, sly Cy Slapnicka of the Indians. He is a reformed pitcher who, according to the soundest authorities, knows all there is to know of the art of doctoring a baseball to make it do tricks which discourage and disconcert batsmen.

Years ago this adroit operator went out to Van Meter, Iowa, and there he found a farm boy who could do by accident all the things Slapnicka knew could be done to a baseball by design. This furrow-jumper's name is Bob Feller, maybe the greatest pitcher of our time and certainly one of the best in any era.

A couple of years ago Slapnicka came upon a cop in Lake Worth, Fla., who told him about a boy, transplanted from Long Island, who was pitching for the local high school. Ultimately Slapnicka gave this kid a \$60,000 bonus to join the Cleveland organization. The kid is coming up this year and already the headlines are acclaiming him.

He is Herb Score, currently the most important single addition that has been made to the American League. He won 22 games for Indianapolis last year and set an American Association record with 330 strike-outs. In exhibition games this spring he awed the Giants with his fast ball.

Not once in a decade is a rookie pitcher the key man in a pennant race. Score doesn't have to be. Cleveland already had the most formidable pitching staff in the league. Add Score to a group that includes Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, Mike Garcia, Art Houtteman, Bob Feller, Don Mossi, Hal Newhouser and Ray Narleski. There's no crew to compare with that.

The unreasonably articulate Dreesen, who feels it incumbent on him to speak well of the Washington club because nobody else will, has brushed off Cleveland's prospects with the remark that "it all depends on how far Kiner has went back."

Fact is, Ralph Kiner is another addition to the Indians. Whatever ability this muscular character may have left,

no matter how far he has went back, it is ability that Cleveland did not possess last year. This is the same team that won 111 games in 1954, plus Score, plus Kiner. In the World Series these slow-footed, brawny aborigines didn't look like the Indians who fought at Little Big Horn, but there isn't a real tough Custer in the whole American League.

CASEY STENGEL'S PRAYER

Defeated last season when old age caught up with their best players, the Yankees didn't go sit on a rock and cry. They went instead to Baltimore and got two pitchers, Bob Turley and Don Larsen, and a shortstop named Bill Hunter.

Turley is young and strong and fast and willing. Larsen is big and young and strong. Hunter is today what he was when the Browns brought him out of the minors two years ago, an infidel of unfulfilled promise. Even for the bale of players they got in exchange, the Orioles hated to give up Turley and Hunter. They were willing, to the point of eagerness, to give up Larsen.

When the New York training camp opened, Stengel didn't know who his regular shortstop would be, counted on Bob Grim and Whittey Ford as his first two pitchers, hoped Turley would be

the Number Three man, counted on Ed Lopat as Number Five and prayed for guidance in the search for Number Four.

Starting the season now, he knows exactly what he knew then, and he's still praying.

New York won 103 games last year, enough for a pennant when somebody else doesn't win 111. The White Sox won 94, enough for a pennant if nobody wins 95. The Chicago situation is not unlike that of the Yankees: there's been a bit added here, a bit there, and it may or may not be enough.

If Walt Dropo can play first base, if George Kell is physically sound at third, if Chicago's pitchers are as good as they have been in the past, then the White Sox have a solid, balanced club, a bona fide contender.

That's the league.

In Boston they talk about Ted Williams—will he play or go fishing? The fans and newspapers don't know, the club doesn't know, and if Williams knows he isn't telling.

In Detroit and Washington and Baltimore they just talk. In Kansas City the rookie owner, Arnold Johnson, talks about the million he has on hand to spend for ballplayers. One of these days somebody will overhear him, and take the million. (RM:20)



"Stay out of it. We have our own problems."

AMERICAN LEAGUE BASEBALL

Keep a sharp eye on the jokers in the second deck, the teams that lie down and play dead. They have the final say on who wins the pennant

by ROBERT CREAMER

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING to remember about the American League pennant race this year is not the clear and often demonstrated fact that the Cleveland Indians, the New York Yankees and the Chicago White Sox are overwhelmingly superior to the other five clubs in the league, but the less clear, less often demonstrated but no less significant fact that they—the Indians, the Yankees and the White Sox—play most of their games, 71.4% to be precise, against those same dolefully weak clubs.

This is important, because the number of games, however few, that those dolefully weak clubs win from the top

three will probably be the decisive factor in deciding who wins the American League pennant this year. It was last year. It was the year before that.

In 1953 when the Yankees won 99 games, the Indians split even with them, 11-11, and yet finished second, eight and a half games back, castigated as choke-ups, weak sisters, congenital failures. In 1954 when the Yankees won 103 games, the Indians again split even with them, 11-11, but this time finished first, eight games ahead, acclaimed on all sides as one of the great teams in American League history.

What was the difference between the "choke-up" Indians of '53 and the

championship Indians of '54? The addition of Mossi, Narleski and Newhouser to the relief pitching staff? The revitalization of starting pitchers Feller and Houtteman? Yes, of course. Pitching was the difference. But only where application of improved pitching had clear and direct results.

THE KEY TO THE PENNANT

Against the Yankees and the White Sox, improved pitching notwithstanding, the Indian's won-and-lost record showed no change whatsoever. But against the other five teams... In '53 when the Yankees won 75 games from the weak clubs, the Indians won only 70. In '54 when the Yankees won 77 from the weak clubs, the Indians won a smothering 89. The key to losing or winning the pennant obviously lay deep in the second division.

So, despite gay references to two American Leagues—one a three-team fight for first place, and the other a five-team roundelay for fourth (or possibly to avoid eighth)—remember that the American League race is still an eight-team contest, even though the contest is to see which of the three big clubs will eat most of the five little ones.

Thus, though the exciting games of the year, the great moments, the crucial series, the dramatic stuff that baseball is made of, will come on days when the Indians are playing the Yankees, or the White Sox the Indians, or the White Sox the Yankees, the 1955 championship is more likely to be decided on quiet afternoons and evenings in Baltimore or Washington, or even Kansas City, when battered Yank and weary Indian, physically and emotionally drained from a crowded, shrieking Sunday afternoon in, say, Municipal Stadium or Comiskey Park, yawn their way through games with seventh- or eighth-place teams whose only fun in life is winning one occasionally from a pennant contender.

And this year they are apt to win that occasional one a good deal more often than they did last year, even



FAR FROM BASEBALL, A SLOUCHING TED WILLIAMS YAWNS AS HE FISHES IN THE SUN

though the Indians, Yankees and White Sox now fully realize the need for beating up the little fellows every chance they get. The five weak sisters will be a lot less agreeable and a lot more inclined to stir things up the way the Red Sox did one weekend last August when they massacred the Yankees three straight and threw them, for practical purposes, out of the pennant race.

NO ONE CAN BE THAT BAD

For one thing, the Athletics cannot be as hapless as they were last year. This year they at least know that Kansas City wants them, and if this is not a definite plus in the factor of morale, at least it removes the definite minus that existed last year in Philadelphia. The Orioles under Paul Richards are improved. They are old, it is true, but improved, better balanced, ready to win a little more often. The Senators are the same team, a little weaker if anything, but in Charley Dressen they have a manager who gets great glee out of creating discomfort, particularly in the form of victories wangled from better ball teams. The Red Sox and the Tigers, both heady with promise, have new managers and should cause at least as much trouble as they did last year (Detroit took eight games from Cleveland, Boston nine from New York) and probably more.

And if a yawning Ted Williams should decide that baseball is, after all, a more preoccupying summertime sport than just going fishing, and should decide to pleasure himself with just one more good season in Fenway Park, things will be harder than ever for the trio of teams presently lordling it over the weakened American League.

Against this rising tide of rebellion, which feudal lord seems best equipped, assuming that once again the top clubs fight each other to a standstill? Which team is most likely to sleep well late in August and early in September when in one 11-day period the Yankees and Indians meet three times, the Yankees and White Sox twice, the Indians and White Sox four times, while in and out and roundabout the same three teams in the same 11 days play a total of 14 other games with Kansas City, Baltimore, Washington and Boston—plus possible added games from earlier rainouts?

Who is most likely to have the fresh and able starting pitchers, the rested and ready relievers, to pick up a tired club and mop the floor with the second division?

Who but the Indians.

(END)

CLEVELAND INDIANS

FRONT OFFICE



HANK GREENBERG

MANAGER



AL LOPEZ

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	1ST	111	43	—
1953	2ND	92	62	8½
1952	2ND	93	61	2
1951	2ND	93	61	5
1950	4TH	92	62	6

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Avila .341	Lemon 23-7
1953	Rosen .336	Lemon 21-15
1952	Mitchell .323	Wynn 23-12 Garcia 22-11 Lemon 22-11
1951	Avila .304	Feller 22-8
1950	Doby .326	Lemon 23-11

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

One of the most impressive pitching staffs in major-league history: three superb first-line starters in Lemon (23-7 last year, Wynn (23-11), Garcia (19-8); two fine secondary starters in Houtteman (15-7) and Feller (13-3); three remarkable relief pitchers in Moss (6-1, 1.94 earned-run-average), Narleski (3-3, 2.22 ERA), Newhouse (7-2, 2.49 ERA); best pitcher in minors last year in young Herb Score (22-5 at Indianapolis, 830 strike-outs). Powerful hitting by Avila, Doby, Rosen, Kiner and Wertz.

WEAK SPOTS:

Probably the worst-fielding infield ever to win a major-league pennant. Generally unimpressive play in field and on bases. Age of pitching staff (Feller, 36; Wynn, 35; Lemon, 34). Rosen's still tender finger.

ROOKIE HOPES:

Score, who has been described as "so good you can't believe it."

THE BIG IF'S:

In '54 Indians split 22-22 with Yankees and White Sox, were an incredible 89-21 against rest of league. The Indians must dominate the weak clubs again.

THE OUTLOOK:

Indians seem stronger but so does rest of league (which could not have gotten worse). Still, Indians have the big pitching they pay off on in pennants.

NEW YORK YANKEES

FRONT OFFICE



GEORGE WEISS

MANAGER



CASEY STENGEL

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	2ND	103	51	8
1953	1ST	99	62	—
1952	1ST	95	59	—
1951	1ST	98	56	—
1950	1ST	98	56	—

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Noren .319	Grim 20-6
1953	Bauer .304	Ford 18-6
1952	Mantle .311	Reynolds 20-8
1951	McDougald .306	Lopat 21-9
1950	Rizzuto .324	Raschi 21-8

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

As always, depth, meaning a long bench well filled with good players for Stengel to work in and out of games as he sees fit. Plus Yogi Berra, best catcher in baseball, Mickey Mantle, who again threatens to grow from good to great, and a flock of pretty fair pitchers, most prominent among them Whitey Ford, Bob Grim and Bob Turley.

WEAK SPOTS:

Phil Rizzuto, of all people (the once-great Yankee shortstop hit only .195 last year and appears near the end of his career). The void in the pitching staff left by the retirement of nonpareil Allie Reynolds.

ROOKIE HOPES:

Elston Howard, catcher-outfielder, who showed well in spring training. Two young pitchers: Kucks and Sturdivant.

THE BIG IF'S:

Turley and others must provide sufficient pitching depth for Yankees to match Cleveland's awesome domination of the weak teams in the league. And if Rizzuto can't play short like the Rizzuto of old, then Gerry Coleman must.

THE OUTLOOK:

Yankees won 103 games last year, held the Indians even, 11-11, and still finished second, eight games behind. Where they finish in '55 depends largely on how close the Indians come to winning 111 games again.

CHICAGO WHITE SOX

FRONT OFFICE



FRANK LANE

MANAGER



MARTY MARION

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	3RD	94	60	17
1953	3RD	89	65	11 1/2
1952	3RD	81	73	14
1951	4TH	81	73	17
1950	6TH	60	94	38

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Minoso .309	Trucks 19-12
1953	Minoso .313	Pierce 18-12
1952	Fox .296	Pierce 15-12
1951	Robinson .296	Pierce 12-8
1950	Minoso .326	Rogovin 12-8
1950	Majewski .309	Pierce 12-16

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

A handful of gummy pitchers—chief among them the 36-year-old Virgil Trucks—who do a lot of work and whose effectiveness in '54 was second only to the Indians. Brilliant shortstop-second base combination in Carroquel and Fox. And just about the best all-round player in the league, when he really feels like playing, in Orvoste Minoso.

WEAK SPOTS:

The attack, built around singles hitters, is hurt by the lack of power to help Minoso drive in runs. The pitching, once you get past the big men, is thin in comparison with Cleveland and New York. The club, so dependent on hustle, has tendency to let down, particularly against the Yankees.

ROOKIE HOPES:

Pitcher Dick Donovan, a veteran minor leaguer, who was 18-8 at Atlanta.

THE BIG IF'S:

The Sox are counting on once-great George Kell to play all-star ball at third, on Walt Dropo (who batted in only 44 runs for Detroit last year) to help Minoso in the power department, and on the pitching to be even better than last year. All are very big "ifs," indeed.

THE OUTLOOK:

Cold logic, eyeing the strength of the Indians and Yankees, the weakness of the rest of the league, says, "Where else but third?"

BOSTON RED SOX

FRONT OFFICE



THOMAS A. YAWKEY

MANAGER



MIKE HIGGINS

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	4TH	69	85	42
1953	4TH	84	69	16
1952	6TH	76	78	19
1951	8RD	87	67	11
1950	3RD	94	60	4

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Williams .345	Sullivan 15-12
1953	Goodman .313	Parnell 21-8
1952	Goodman .308	Parnell 12-12
1951	Williams .318	Parnell 18-11
1950	Goodman .354	Parnell 18-10

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

Fine outfield, with heavy-hitting Jackie Jensen (25 homers, 117 RBIs) in right, flashy-fielding Jim Piersall in center and promising Faye Thorneberry in left if Ted Williams continues to fish. Mel Parnell, injured last year, should be the star of what might blossom into a top-flight pitching staff (Brewer, Brodowski, Brown, Delock, Kiely, Kinder, Nixon, Sullivan). Sammy White is a good hitting, dependable catcher. Sox have an impressive collection of very young players who could erupt into stardom at any time.

WEAK SPOTS:

The infield. Very shaky on the double play. Injury to Shortstop Milt Bolling puts Sox off on wrong foot. Every position is in doubt.

ROOKIE HOPES:

This year's crop includes Catcher Pete Daley, up from Louisville. Many of Boston's younger players, even after a year or two in majors, seem like rookie hopes still.

THE BIG IF'S:

The infield. If Higgins can construct a solid foursome from the basketful of candidates, the Sox could shake down into a pretty fair team.

THE OUTLOOK:

Bright. The worst appears to be over in Fenway Park. Good chance for fourth again.

DETROIT TIGERS

FRONT OFFICE



WALTER BRIGGS JR.

MANAGER



BUCKY HARRIS

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	5TH	68	86	43
1953	6TH	60	94	40 1/2
1952	8TH	58	104	45
1951	5TH	73	81	25
1950	2ND	95	59	3

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Kuenn .306	Gromek 18-16
1953	Kuenn .308	Garver 11-11
1952	Groch .284	Gray 12-17
1951	Kell .319	Trucks 13-8
1950	Kell .340	Nosterman 19-12

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

Youth, speed and hustle, as a result of an extensive rebuilding job over the last two years. Good catching, competent infield, excellent young outfield. Tigers have genuine stars in Third Baseman Ray Boone, Shortstop Harvey Kuenn, potential star in youngsters Tuttle, Kallne, Hoelt, Howe. Two good veteran pitchers: Steve Gromek (18-16 last year) and Ned Garver (14-11).

WEAK SPOTS:

Tigers have a pretty fair starting lineup and three or four reasonably dependable starting pitchers. But the lack of bench and relief strength is appalling. And the team has no bona fide power hitters. Boone and new First Baseman Fain come closest.

ROOKIE HOPES:

Freebie-faced J. W. Porter (he has no given names, just initials) has caught, played outfield, first base, is lead-pipe cinch to help club. Outfielder Bubba Phillips. Several young pitchers.

THE BIG IF'S:

Pitching and first base. Harris must find starters and relievers from an unholy mess of rookies and proven undependables. Fain has to recover from last season's bad knee and supply needed run-producing power.

THE OUTLOOK:

Cheerful. Tigers are on way back up and wherever they finish, they'll be fun to watch.

WASHINGTON SENATORS

FRONT OFFICE

MANAGER



CLARK C. GRIFFITH



CHARLEY DRESSEN

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	6TH	66	88	45
1953	5TH	76	76	23½
1952	5TH	78	76	17
1951	7TH	62	92	36
1950	5TH	67	87	31

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Busby .298	Schmitz 11-8
1953	Vernon .337	Porterfield 22-10
1952	Runnels .285	Shea 11-7
1951	Coan .303	Marrero 11-9
1950	Noren .293	Hudson 14-14
	Yost .295	

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

A collection of pretty good pitchers (Porterfield, McDermott, Stone, Stobbs, Shea, Schmitz, Pascual) with enough sound talent for shrewd Charley Dressen to work wonders with. A good center fielder in Jim Busby, a good third baseman in Eddie Yost, a good bat aging (37 next Friday) first baseman in Mickey Vernon.

WEAK SPOTS:

The old problem of developing a shortstop and second baseman who can make the double play. Batting is limp, with Roy Sievers and Vernon the only power hitters. Catching is weak, and so is the bench.

ROOKIE HOPES:

Bobby Kline (.319 at Birmingham) looks like regular shortstop, with Pete Runnels, a misfit at short last year, moving to second. Dressen also thinks highly of Pitcher Ted Abernathy who is 6 feet 4 inches and built big, like Walter Johnson, and tiny (5-foot 5-inch) Outfielder Ernie Gravett who is built little, like Dressen.

THE BIG IF'S:

Kline, and Dressen's skill at making a silk-purse pitching staff out of what could be—with one or two bad breaks—a sow's ear.

THE OUTLOOK:

The Senators will most likely muddle along near the middle of the American League's five-team second division.

BALTIMORE ORIOLES

FRONT OFFICE

MANAGER



CLARENCE W. MILES



PAUL RICHARDS

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	7TH	54	100	57
1953	8TH	54	100	46½
1952	7TH	64	90	31
1951	8TH	52	102	46
1950	7TH	58	96	40

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Abrams .293	Turley 14-15
1953	Wertz .268	Larsen 7-12
1952	Nieman .289	Cain 12-10
1951	Young .260	Garver 20-12
1950	Lenhardt .273	Garver 13-18

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

Bevy of fine defensive players, with experienced men available at all positions. Class Infielders Cox and Miranda are as good with glove as any pair in majors. Sharp spring hitting by Outfielders Coan, Evers, Woodling gives promise of offensive strength sadly lacking last year. Alert, intelligent managing by forward-looking Paul Richards.

WEAK SPOTS:

Orioles, for all their "building to the future," are an old team (majority of players are over 30). One-time stars like Stephens, Pesky, Waitkus can't play all out every day all season. Pitching staff has no stand-out, depends on those who would be doubtful secondary starters on better club.

ROOKIE HOPES:

Catcher Hal Smith, plann the Orioles got in Bob Turley trade with Yankees, is being counted on heavily. Others: First Baseman Gus Triandos, Lefty Pitcher Don Ferrarese.

THE BIG IF'S:

Richards' gamble of trading the Orioles' one star, Bob Turley, for a handful of fair-to-middling Yankee players must pay off. Big ifs in the gamble: Rookies Smith and Triandos.

THE OUTLOOK:

Unless Smith and Triandos turn into stars, it looks like a long, dull second-division summer in Baltimore.

KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

FRONT OFFICE

MANAGER



ARNOLD JOHNSON



LOU BOUDREAU

PAST PERFORMANCE:

TEAM STANDING

YEAR	FINISHED	WON	LOST	GAMES BEHIND
1954	8TH	51	103	60
1953	7TH	59	95	41½
1952	4TH	79	75	16
1951	6TH	70	84	28
1950	8TH	52	102	46

INDIVIDUAL STARS

YEAR	LEADING BATTER	LEADING PITCHER
1954	Finigan .302	Portocarrero 9-18
1953	Philley .303	Kellner 11-12
1952	Fain .327	Shantz 24-7
1951	Fain .344	Shantz 18-10
1950	Lehner .309	Hosper 15-10

THIS YEAR'S PROSPECTS:

STRONG POINTS:

Two men who played like Major Leaguers in last year's miserable farwell to Philadelphia: Pitcher Portocarrero and Third Baseman Finigan. Other than that, the Athletics have only hope that men who once were bonafide Major Leaguers (like Pitchers Shantz, Kellner and Blackwell), or who gave promise to be (like Outfielders Power and Renna), can stiffen the sinew, summon up the blood and imitate the action of tigers like Portocarrero and Finigan.

WEAK SPOTS:

The pitching, which was helpless last year (5.18 earned runs per game) and which does not appear noticeably improved. Timorous batting (last year Finigan was the only regular to hit higher than .238).

ROOKIE HOPES:

Pitcher Art Cecarrelli, a lefty up from Birmingham (15-13), and Infielder Hector Lopez, .316 at Ottawa.

THE BIG IF'S:

Shantz, Blackwell and Kellner to pitch, and Gus Zerstad, Power and Renna to hit. If they do, the Athletics will play well, if only in sports.

THE OUTLOOK:

It seems likely that this summer in Kansas City large crowds of people will go out to watch the Athletics play. They will be the only ones going anywhere.

**THE WONDERFUL
WORLD OF SPORT**

**... BUT IS
IT GOOD
FORM?**

A familiar dictum of sport is that it matters far less who wins or loses than how the game is played. This precept of physical and ethical form was severely buffeted about by a number of performers recently. In San Francisco an Australian kangaroo named Sydney donned special gloves for a bout with a college boxer named Buzz Casazza. After scoring with several downcuts (as opposed to uppercuts) Sydney forgot his Marquess of Queensberry, stood on his tail, lashed out with both feet, and KO'd the hapless Casazza. Other unusual examples of form were a cross-handed golfing evangelist, the execution of a golf-loving bird, a girl table-tennis star with a killer instinct, and a 270-pound long-distance swimmer.

KANGAROO COUNT is administered by Sydney who further disgraced himself by failing to go to neutral corner after knocking Boxer Buzz Casazza down with a kick in the stomach. Sydney, now a resident of the San Francisco Zoo, is 4½ years old, weighs 145 pounds, lives on a vegetarian diet, reportedly is considering an offer to sign up with an octopus called the IBC.





CROSS-HANDED EVANGELIST Billy Graham takes time out from his "Tell Scotland" revival tour for a whack at par near Glasgow. An occasional golfer, he averages 43 for nine holes.



GOLF-BALL LOVING crow fell victim to Cuthbert William Fear's point-blank shotgun blast at Cheshire, England. The crow had stolen more than 800 golf balls during his two-year career.

KILLER INSTINCT of young English table-tennis star Ann Hayden is revealed as she follows through on a forehand smash. Only 16, Ann is England's top junior, second senior, 12th in world table-tennis ratings.



BEEFY SWIMMER Bert Thomas tests temperature of the chill waters off Victoria, B.C. Thomas, a 270-pounder, will try to swim 18-mile Juan de Fuca Strait.



COLLEGE CHAMPS & 'NAVY BRATS' BOX

Amateur boxing enjoyed a mild boom as NCAA championships were decided at Pocatello, Idaho, while at Annapolis bouts for "Navy Brats," aged 5-12, were held. Michigan State won at Pocatello, but there were no winners in Annapolis because decisions result in too much ill feeling—among parents.



COLLEGE CHAMPIONS: 119 pounds, Bobbie McCullum, Idaho State; 125 pounds, Seth Naya, Hawaii; 132 pounds, Vince Palumbo, Maryland; 139 pounds, John Granger, Syracuse; 147 pounds, Herb Odum, Michigan State; 156 pounds, Tony DiBlase, Virginia;

165 pounds, Max Vishall, San Jose State; 175 pounds, Gordy Gladson, Washington State, heavyweight, Crook Peck, LSU. Below, George Madros of Chico State goes through the ropes while victor Bill Greenway of Michigan State stands over him.





NURSERYWEIGHT BOXERS cluster around Navy's famed Boxing Coach H. M. (Spikie) Webb who retired last year after

coaching midshipmen for 45 years. Fights began when Webb first came to Annapolis, are between sons of academy personnel.



FLINCHING FIGHTERS both veer. Some pacifist-minded youngsters required parental permission to sock and be socked for the family honor.



PROUD PARENT examines trophy earned by son. All youngsters received certificates, miniature letters.



NEW YORKER LEON WATSON NETS ONE OF FIRST TROUT OF 1955 SEASON—A 4.2-POUND RAINBOW

OPENING DAY FOR RAINBOWS

Trout, the most game and succulent of fresh-water fish, went on the fishing calendar as the 1955 season began in the East, with the West soon to follow.

In New York, eager anglers had a head start as nine-mile-long Catharine Creek near Watkins Glen was thrown open a week before the regular season began. The trout were plump and plentiful and were returning to their home in Seneca Lake after having spawned

in the shallows of the creek's fast-moving waters. Fishermen traveled from 200 to 500 miles to get their hooks in early; many sportsmen camped in tents along the banks of the stream. With the first breaks in the morning mist, thousands of rubber wader-covered legs plunged into the frigid waters; a forest of fishing poles, a jungle of lures all but blocked the creek to the fish. The 1955 trout season had started.



CREEK BY JOWL. THE FISHERMEN SET UP A

HOME RUN FOR MARATHONER

While other New York City commuters queue up for subway tokens, stand on street corners waiting for buses or

scramble for taxis, a 35-year-old physical therapist named Ted Corbitt pulls on a sweat shirt and runs home—13

miles away. Corbitt sees nothing unusual in his stunt, for he is a member of that lonely breed of athlete, the marathon runner. "After all, I run only 13 miles to get home, and the actual marathon is 26 miles and 385

CORBITT CHECKS WATCH BEFORE STARTING. PASSES UNITED NATIONS BUILDING AFTER ONE MILE. JOGS ALONG FASHIONABLE FIFTH AVENUE





GANTLEY BEFORE RAINBOW TROUT AT CATHARINE CREEK, N.Y. MANY FISH ARE "BELLY-HOOKED" WHILE TRYING TO AVOID ANGLERS' LURES

yards," says Corbitt, who won the 1954 National AAU Marathon, was a member of the 1952 U.S. Olympic team and plans to enter the Boston Marathon this week.

Corbitt covers the distance from his

job at the Institute for the Crippled and Disabled to his home in an hour and 35 minutes, only a quarter of an hour longer than it takes by subway.

Running home has its hazards, however. "You have to watch yourself in

traffic; you can only afford one misstep," says Corbitt. He has been bitten by dogs three times, stopped by suspicious police several times. When he arrives at his apartment house Corbitt runs up all 15 flights of stairs.

DARKNESS FALLS AS MARATHONER RUNS ALONGSIDE HARLEM RIVER; CORBITT MANAGES GRIM AS HE RUNS UP LAST OF 15 FLIGHTS OF STAIRS



SET 'EM UP IN

by VICTOR KALMAN



EXECUTIVE FOLLOW THROUGH at Scarsdale, N.Y. is old story to Charles E. Wilson, former president of General Electric, whose near-perfect 299 is club record.

FRANCIS G. PALMER appeared to have every reason to be content. The pheasants had cooperated magnificently. His guests were luxuriating in the empyreal warmth of a November log fire and a bottle of Scotch, filling his hunting lodge on Pelee Island, Ont. with the life-is-wonderful air so gratifying to a host. But Palmer, too worried for self-congratulations and too restless for camaraderie, paced the rustic living room like a caged tiger.

"No boats leaving from the island," he muttered, running nervous fingers through his gray hair. "Ridiculous. The weather isn't that bad."

He paused at a window, peered into bleak, thick fog which pressed relentlessly against the pane, shrouding even the birch he knew stood five feet away. Then he turned abruptly, strode to the telephone and called a bush pilot in Windsor who often flew him to his favorite fishing spots.

"You crazy, Mr. Palmer?" the pilot demanded. "There are easier ways to commit suicide."

"But I have to get to Detroit right away," Palmer said, urgency in his voice. "I'll pay you double. Triple."

"Well, okay," came the reluctant reply, "if it's an emergency."

CRITICAL TIMES

Not long afterward, none the worse for wear and prayer, Palmer alighted at Detroit. He telephoned his friends at the lodge to reassure them he was safe and would return to Pelee on the morrow, and sped to town—to the Detroit Athletic Club. His "emergency" flight in weather that had grounded all planes in the Great Lakes region was not to rush to an ailing member of his family. No crisis had arisen in the Middle Atlantic Transportation Co., the truck firm of which he is president, or at the New York Union Motor Truck Terminal, of which he is one of five principal operators. It was Thursday Bowling League night at the club.

Palmer is one of approximately 100,000 leaders of industry, finance, the professions and politics who bowl regularly at 200-odd athletic, golf and yacht clubs throughout the country. An estimated 800,000 and their fam-

EXECUTIVE ALLEY

Among America's 20 million bowlers are 100,000 business leaders and socialites who keep the pins flying at the country clubs

lies roll in country club and fraternal leagues at public alleys. Although they comprise less than 5% of bowling's 20 million adherents, a recent survey by an equipment firm indicates they purchased at least 14% of the bowling balls and nearly 10% of the shoes sold last year. Peter Revelt, who for 30 years has been chronicler of the Inter-Athletic Club tournament—an annual event for the bowlers of the Detroit, Buffalo and Cleveland AC's and the Pittsburgh AA—figured that the average member spends \$5,000 a season for his one league night a week and trips to compete against other clubs.

Many of these bowlers take the game as seriously as professionals. On the day that Palmer flew from Pelee, Albert M. (Bert) Wibel, executive consultant to American Motors, cut short a business conference in New York in

order to arrive on time for the same league session—the third week he had commuted from the East—and Harry M. Taylor, a vice-president of Firestone Tire & Rubber, barely beat the fog on a flight from Akron. The distance record was set in 1963, however, when Dr. Lester Knapp of Buffalo hurriedly ended his speech to a medical convention in Rio de Janeiro, dashed to a waiting taxi, changed from evening clothes to a business suit during the ride to the airport, caught his plane—and arrived at the Detroit AC lanes just in time to roll with the first squad and win the Inter-Athletic Club singles title.

"Society bowling" is not a new phenomenon. From the 1870s to 1900 bowling was considered a sport mainly for the elite, as it remains in Europe today. Representatives of a few clubs still in existence helped form the Amer-

ican Bowling Congress in 1895. As the game became an adjunct to saloons before World War I—and to poolrooms after the war—most wealthy bowlers retired to their social clubs and built their own alleys. Throughout the years that bowling was in general disrepute, such men as F. P. Williams, president of S. S. Kresge Co.; Federal Judge A. F. Lederle of Detroit; Gov. Frank J. Lausche of Ohio; several members of the Uihlein family, owners of the Schlitz Brewing Co. of Milwaukee; and Charles E. Wilson, former president of General Electric and now chairman of the executive committee of W. R. Grace & Co., remained faithful to the game at their private clubs.

Others—among them the late George T. Christopher of Detroit, president of Packard Motors—played

continued on next page



EXECUTIVE LINE-UP at Indian Harbor (Conn.) Yacht Club during 1954 match with Merion (Pa.) Cricket Club includes

Vincent Gallagher, insurance, Richard Nye, international yachtsman and president of a Wall Street firm, and Jack Chett, TV.



FASHIONABLE SPECTATORS at Indian Harbor men's match include members of Merion Club's women's team which played earlier in day. From left, Mrs. Carl Colket, Mrs. Edward Morris, Mrs. Richard Patterson, Mrs. Chudleigh Long, Mr. Patterson.

EXECUTIVE ALLEY

continued from page 35

active roles in the struggle to lift bowling out of the basement. The late Gov. Julius Hefl of Wisconsin, probably the greatest booster the sport has known, spent \$50,000 a year and more to bowl and to sponsor Hell Products teams, which included Hall of Fame members Hank Marino, Ned Day, Gil Zunker and Charles Daw. Marino and Day later went into partnership with Harold Lloyd at the Llo-Da-Mar lanes in Hollywood and introduced bowling to movie stars who added glamor—and new recruits—to the game.

ALL TOGETHER

Modern public establishments drew the private club bowlers seeking stronger competition. Wilson, for instance, joined a league at Thum's White Elephant in New York and rolled a 289 game, his lifetime high until he set a record 10 years ago with 299 at the Scarsdale (N.Y.) Golf Club. The private club bowlers, in turn, voted at club meetings for more and better-cared-for lanes, as good at least as public facilities. Thus, bowling in public and private clubs rose together, especially during the past 15 years. Today, recognizing the need for year-round activities for their members—and noting the remarkable success of the clubs which operate alleys—more and more country clubs are installing them. Interclub matches draw hundreds of spectators. Some 500 members of the De-

troit, Pittsburgh and Buffalo clubs traveled to the Cleveland AC in February to root for their teams. The Chicago Athletic Association, Illinois Athletic Club and University Club of Chicago hold a similar annual event. Seven golf and country clubs in Westchester County, N.Y.—Scarsdale, Pelham, Wykagyl, Larchmont Shore, Ardsley, Leewood and Westchester Hills—bowl home-and-home matches each Sunday through an October-to-April schedule for an immense silver cup (won the past two years by Wykagyl). Each year since 1948 the Indian Harbor Yacht Club of Greenwich, Conn. has howled the Merion Cricket Club of Haverford, Pa.—an event originated by Chandler Turner, president of the Turner Construction Co. of New York, when he moved from Haverford to Greenwich. Unlike the athletic club events, which are restricted to men, the Westchester and Indian Harbor-Merion bowlers welcome women, many of whom accompany them as rooting sections and participate in after-bowling parties.

During the past three months I visited 50 clubs, 27 to 80% of whose members participated in howling programs. Most of the clubs had two, three or four alleys. The finest I saw were the eight-lane Detroit AC alleys, replete with showers, grill room, bar, card room and trophy room, and the Scarsdale Club, which has erected a separate building for eight alleys, a locker room and a bar.

Of the Detroit AC's 2,800 resident

members, 138 participate regularly in 15 club leagues. Twenty-eight have rolled in the same league for 25 or more years and 10 others will join the 25-Year Club this fall. Three—Curt Ziegler, 72, vice-president of a machinery manufacturing firm and a top-notch bowler of the early 1900s who rolled with the great U.S. Champion Jimmy Smith; Fred Shinnick, 77, retired secretary-treasurer of Briggs Manufacturing Co.; and Paul Henning, 75, owner of a steel foundry—rolled in the first Intra-Athletic Club tournament 40 years ago and are still active.

No expense is spared for the bowlers, who operate on an annual budget of \$250,000 but can double the ante if it is required. Five years ago, for example, Laurence G. Lenhardt, an engineer on the Detroit team, noticed in a match at Buffalo that the alleys "ran" faster—that is, a ball hooked into the strike pocket more readily than it did on the Detroit lanes. Lenhardt examined each one-inch strip of wood and made a discovery which astonished officials of the Brunswick-Balke-Clendenen Co., manufacturers of alleys for more than 60 years; if the grain in the wood runs toward the pocket, the ball normally will follow it. What most bowlers called "high boards" in the alleys were not that at all; the grain simply turned away from the headpin. When the season ended, the Detroiters promptly ripped out their alleys (which were practically new, by public establishment standards) and installed eight new ones—with Lenhardt supervising the piece-by-piece construction. The result was that bowlers' averages rose several points.

FOR FUN

"Most of us don't howl well," said Palmer, who has been a member of the Thursday League for 15 years, "but we come back week after week, year after years. When one of us is forced to retire because of illness or age, usually a son takes his place. There hasn't been a vacancy for newcomers in several years. Why do we bowl? Mostly because of the friendships we've built. Even those who retire show up every Thursday to keep score or just watch. Another reason is to keep fit. Earlier in life we played squash or handball upstairs. Now our average age is somewhere in the 50s and those games are too strenuous. Then there are some who come here for business reasons. Bowling is better than cocktail parties for transacting business. One of my teammates told me he did \$3 million worth right

continued on page 67

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY PESKIN

A QUARTER HORSE CUTS OUT HIS CALF

THE art of cutting cattle out of the herd, like bronco riding, is a sport which has grown out of old-time ranch work in the West. In recent years, however, it has been carried to the arena and is now one of the most popular horseman sports in the country. The horse, which is usually ridden loose-reined, must cut out a calf and hold it out. Top cutting horses today are Quarter Horses, and one of the best is Jodie Earl (*below and on following pages*), who can do the job without a rider.



Whirling in a cloud of dust, Jodie Earl, wearing a saddle but without a rider, closes in on cutout calf from the herd on Owner Charles King's ranch in Wichita Falls, Texas

continued on next page



Sequence of moves to keep the calf from rejoining herd begins as Jodie Earl heads it off, keeping the balance of his weight on

hind legs so he can spin in opposite direction when calf tries new dodge. Cutting horse must never turn its tail to the cattle





Seeing an opening, the calf streaks toward the herd (above), but the riderless horse preguesses it and whirls to cut it off

(lower left). Standing with legs far apart (below), Jodie Earl is ready to pivot either way and is in full control of baffled calf





Now completely cut off from rest of the herd the calf starts running in wide circle, intent on getting back, but the highly trained cutting horse Jodie Earl stays close behind, anticipating which way calf will dodge so he can dodge the same way and prevent him from rejoining them

HORSES

UP-AND-DOWN WILLIE

Even with his penalties, they can't catch Hartack

by ALBION HUGHES

SEVENTEEN DAYS after the start of the current Bowie meeting, Jockey Willie Hartack drew a cheap horse named Inn Keeper which bore out in the stretch and got Hartack a 10-day suspension for careless riding. At the time Willie was the leading Bowie rider, with 35 wins, 28 places and 12 shows. This week Hartack returned—still the leading rider despite his 10 days of inactivity.

It's a good thing Willie does as well as he does when he's working, for besides riding 785 winners in his two and a half years as a jockey he has been set down no less than five times at as many different tracks. Willie's setbacks always seem to coincide with the rich stakes which come along toward the middle or end of a meeting. At Hialeah, where he was well in the lead, he was set down before the Bahamas stakes. At Bowie he missed the John B. Campbell. And this has happened at other tracks too. His agent Chick Lang says: "My boy has never done a mean thing on or off the track. His only trouble is he's overanxious to win." Sammy Boualmietis, who rides against Willie all season on the Maryland and Jersey circuits, goes along with Chick but adds: "Willie is a left-handed whipper and that may cause the horses to drift out. He's definitely not a rough rider."

UNORTHODOX CAREER

Neither his victories—he was second only to the great Willie Shoemaker for the second straight year in 1954—nor his setbacks have brought much publicity to Hartack, a dark-haired, blue-eyed youngster from Johnstown, Pa. He has a substantial personal following on the Jersey circuit, where he accounted for 154 of his 323 wins last year, and in Maryland and Charles Town, where he led all other riders. But few racing fans across the country are particularly aware of him, and the press has generally neglected his unorthodox career.

It certainly is that. Until 1950, when

he graduated from high school at Black Lick, Pa. and found that he was underweight for the Army, he had never given a thought to being a jockey. In fact he'd never seen a horse race. But an ex-jockey's agent, Andy Bruno, persuaded him to pay a visit to Charles Town.

The expedition changed his life and gave him a career. For it was there he met Norman Corbin, a small stable owner. They took to each other like fish and chips and for the next couple of years Willie worked for Corbin, learning his trade, mucking out stalls, walking hots, cleaning tack and also learning to ride. In October 1952, Willie rode his first race and won his third one.

Since then a good many things have happened to Willie Hartack. He has acquired the nickname "Hardtack," has developed the aplomb of a bond salesman, and has worked out a cool career plan that would do credit to a banker. At the same time he takes a paradoxical, juvenile delight in such things as model airplanes, skin diving and comic books; wears his hair in a long pompadour; adorns his left hand with a specially designed diamond-and-platinum horse-shoe ring, and his body in pastel suits with matching ties.

"Before I started to ride races, I used to bet all my money, shoot traps, play around and live it up all I could," Hartack says, with the secretly pleased air of the reformed rake. "But when I got my chance I decided to try living right and give myself a break. I said to myself, 'I'll give it a try and see if it works.' I tend strictly to business, don't bother much with anything else. And I've been lucky since the very first week I started. I haven't had more than a three-day losing streak excepting one short stretch at Sunshine Park."

Hartack is only 22, which may account for his firm views on marriage: "Women aren't going to bother me. Horses come first. I'm not planning on marrying. Any kind of a change might be for the worse. Sometimes I meet a



READY TO RIDE, Willie Hartack is photographed at Hialeah, wearing the racing silks of the Ada L. Rice racing stable.

girl I like, then I get to thinking. The minute I get to thinking, she's dead."

Total recall, about horses if not women, is one of Hartack's trade secrets. He can tell you about every single horse he has ever ridden, and, like every top jockey before him, can report on other horses in a race too: "You never know when you'll be riding one of them, and they have differences about them you just wouldn't believe. Some will run till they're in front. Some you can hit. Some you can't. Some are nervous, some are not. Some come from behind, and others won't run a lick unless they are out in front. I guess they're pretty much like people."

ROOM FOR HORSES

From seven o'clock in the morning, when he usually goes out to the stables of his contract holders, Dan and Ada Rice, until the last race of the day, Willie has no room for anything but horses. "I study them to find out all I can," he says. "For when I ride a man's horse I'm all business. I don't go to fool around. When I get bent on a horse that should have won, it bothers me. If a horse can run and won't, I get mad. But if he can't run there's no sense in getting mad. When I lose I don't want to be consoled. I just want to be let alone. But I'm not looking for pats on the back when I win either." None of this is said truculently, just

continued on next page

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HORSES *continued from page 41*

with the dead seriousness of someone whose objectives are perfectly clear and attainable.

For Willie has found that "living right" pays off. First thing he did when he got in the money was to dig his 47-year-old father out of the coal mines where he had worked for 30 years and buy a 170-acre farm near Charles Town on which his two sisters and father now make their home. (His mother has been dead for many years.) After the farm came a Jaguar, a Cadillac, an Oldsmobile—and an oil painting of Pet Bull, the Rices' retired great milker. "Best horse I ever rode," is Hartack's sole comment on his venture into the arts. Purchase of this picture makes Hartack, at least to my knowledge, the only art collector among jockeys.

NOT SO ACEY-DEUCEY

But then, everything about Hartack is a bit unusual, including his riding technique, which differs a bit from the style of chief rival Shoemaker. Hartack sits a shade higher in the saddle, though not as acy-deucey as he did in his first season or as the extremist Charley Burr. (Acy-deucey is the term used when one stirrup is longer than the other to equalize weight around the curves.)

At Hialeah this winter, where he was well on his way to being leading rider until he got set down for careless riding



in a turf race, Hartack lived by himself in a quietly elegant residential hotel in Miami Springs. The hotel was occupied almost entirely by middle-aged couples from the Plains states. He took them more in his stride than they did him.

Although Hartack makes something of a fetish of freedom (he even hates to make dates ahead of time, often picks up a couple of stable-boy pals at the last minute to go to a movie), he has a beguiling sense of loyalty. Whenever he gets to Charles Town the first person he looks up, even before he heads for the farm, is his former boss, Norman Corbin.

"I'd ride for him again anytime, at a half mile track, anywhere, because he gave me all my chances," Willie says. "He was like a father to me. Gave me a place to stay. Stuck with me when I knew nothing. Taught me all I know. Whoever he trained for, he'd say, 'If you want me, you gotta take my boy.' He wouldn't have taken me off a horse to put Arcaro on."

In view of Hartack's penalties for carelessness, a good many owners might still take him off a horse to put Arcaro on—and they might be wrong.

Make no mistake—Hartack is no flash in the pan. All he really needs to become one of the truly great jockeys is to be given top horses to ride. Until that day comes, Willie will be in there trying—and thinking. For, as he rather sullenly puts it: "There aren't any orders to follow from the eighth pole to the wire." (END)



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FISHING

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A Texan's accidental discovery promises to revitalize U.S. angling

by HART STILWELL

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LAST FALL SI revealed how lake poisoners work to improve fishing. A lake overrun with "trash" fish (carp, shad and others) offers poor sport because there is too much easy feed for game fish. Now many such lakes are being poisoned and, when the water becomes pure again, restocked with game fish. The method is costly and time-consuming but it works. Recently a new poison technique has appeared with such startling promise that the whole future of lake fishing may be in for a tremendous uplift.

Briefly, a way has been found to poison out shad, various species of which glut lakes all over the country, without harming the game fish. Intensive research is going on to apply this selective killing to other trash fish. Imagine a lake suddenly cleared of the young fish that trout and other game fish have been living off all their lives!

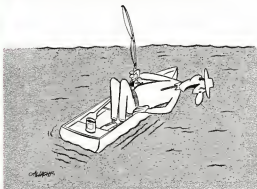
The discovery was made in Texas when a routine poisoning got out of hand. Leo D. Lewis, an aquatic biologist with the Game and Fish Commission, netted off an arm of privately owned Lamar Fain Lake near Wichita Falls, intending to poison this small

area first and take a sampling of its fish population. But after Lewis had put in his rotenone a storm came up and mixed the poison throughout the lake so that the concentration was a tenth the usual killing dose.

Shad started flinging themselves about in a dance of death. By the next day the lake was littered with windrows of dead fish—all shad. With growing excitement Lewis persuaded the owner of the lake to drain it. They found the astonished game fish (black bass, crappies, perch and catfish) vigorous and apparently unaffected. Some trash species had also survived. But not a single shad.

At a smaller fishing-club lake near Woodvale a check revealed that 51.7% of the fish were shad. The new technique was applied and on the first day's fishing three weeks after the treatment, more fish were caught than during the entire previous year.

At Camp Creek, where the shad kill was not complete because brush and weeds prevented a thorough intermingling of the poison, bass fishing improved by almost 1,000% and the crappie take by 500%.



"Well, here I am again."

The only fairly large body of water in Texas so far treated is Lake Wichita near Lewis' home base. Immediate results were the death of 36½ tons of trash fish, mostly shad. The muddy lake also was cleaned magically until it was sparkling and clear. Fishing has improved remarkably but there hasn't been time for a long-range check.

I recently witnessed the application of a new concentration of the poison, .5 of a pound of rotenone per acre foot instead of the bare minimum of .3 of a pound needed to kill shad, which was discovered by Leo Lewis nearly two years ago. Lewis and his assistant, Dr. Walter Dalquest, had dozed a small lake the day before. When I arrived the shad were dead and carp and buffalohead and carpuckers were drifting to shore by the hundreds.

THE PROPER DOSE

This and other experiments have shown that .5 of a pound is just about the breaking point—it will kill most of the trash fish, excepting gars and few game fish. That day I saw only a few small crappies and an occasional young bass or perch in distress. As Dr. Dalquest commented, a spring tonic that removes the sickly isn't a bad idea.

The odd thing about shad hordes throughout the country is that the average fisherman doesn't even know they exist, much less that they ruin his sport. Most species are shy fish that are rarely caught. Yet they exist in uncounted millions. The gizzard shad alone is increasing its range and numbers to an extent that it is almost a national problem, according to Richard H. Stroud of the Sports Fishing Institute. This fish ranges throughout the Mississippi watershed, as far north as Ohio and Iowa, and eastward as far as New York, thence south through the TVA system of rivers and lakes, and beyond throughout Texas and Oklahoma and most of the Southwest.

Walleyed pike were introduced into TVA lakes years ago and have caught on to an unusual degree. Netting crews say that 10- and 15-pounders are commonplace, yet almost no one catches walleyes in the TVA. The harvest is only a very small percentage of those available. Biologists believe the cause is an overabundance of shad.

Fortunately, thanks to that sudden storm in Texas and an alert biologist, shad and others will soon be controlled with a fine hand and U.S. anglers may discover that the lake just outside town hasn't been "fished out" after all. (END)

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WRESTLING

THE AMATEURS DON'T GROAN

Honest wrestling is grueling sport, too little understood in U.S.

by MARTIN KANE

AMATEUR WRESTLERS suffer from two embarrassments: 1) many people who never have seen amateur wrestling confuse the sport with professional wrestling, a gaudy fraud; 2) those who have seen the real thing often conclude that honest wrestling is a poor spectator sport—perhaps because their judgment has been fuddled by the chromatic dramatics of TV's wrestling stars (SI, April 11), perhaps because of something inherently ascetic in amateur rules.

The first embarrassment is totally undeserved. The Golden Gate is a fine, long bridge but it could not begin to span the gulf between amateur and professional wrestling. Still, the

two are so mingled in some minds that parents have forbidden their sons to take up wrestling at school. Too brutal, they think, unaware that dangerous or "torture" holds are barred in amateur wrestling and are only faked in the professional vaudeville.

As for the second embarrassment, a little knowledge on the spectator's part—perhaps half as much as the average fan brings to baseball—would add rich enjoyment to a sport which has had its enthusiastic followers in every land since before history began. And aside from that, the Amateur Athletic Union recently has met the prospective fan half way by changing from modified college rules to the

more interesting, because more aggressive, international freestyle.

There now are three major wrestling styles in U.S. competition—intercollegiate, international and Greco-Roman. Holds below the waist are barred in Greco-Roman wrestling, as are tripping and scissors holds. Once the prevalent style in America, Greco-Roman gave way during the 19th Century to catch-as-catch-can, an outgrowth of plain rough-and-tumble, with the emergence of a hero—Tom Jenkins, a one-eyed rolling-mill worker from Cleveland who was America's No. 1 wrestler until the slighter but willier Frank Gotch threw him.

Intercollegiate and international wrestling are very much alike, so far as holds are concerned, but their strategies are different. In this difference, some wrestling enthusiasts hope, may lie the chance that amateur wrestling again will take its place as a major American sport—though, with 144 colleges fielding wrestling teams, it is by no means puny now.

Until a few years ago virtually all wrestling in the United States was under college rules or the then similar AAU rules. These require the wrestler mostly to show ability to control his opponent, though he may win by a fall if he can. But the sight of a college wrestler "riding" his rival, performing only the negative feat of maintaining a position of advantage for as long as possible, is fine for aficionados but not one to lift the average sports crowd to its feet.

In international freestyle wrestling, adopted by the AAU shortly before the 1952 Olympics so that the United States might do better in foreign competition, a wrestler loses face with the judges unless he aggressively works to win by a fall. It is not necessary that he pin his man—he can win a decision

AT AAU MEET REFEREE AND JUDGES ARE ABOUT TO DECLARE THAT JAMES PECKHAM OF BOSTON (BARE LEGS) HAS PINNED EDWIN ERICKSON



by flawless execution of holds and well-manuevered takedowns—but let the judges get the impression that he is trying only to preserve an advantageous *status quo* and he starts loitering ground on their score sheets. What would be shrewd “time-advantage” wrestling in a college match is mere stalling under international rules. Because of this emphasis on aggressive wrestling, spectators at international matches get a full share of thrills.

It is even more imperative, under Olympic tournament rules, that the wrestlers try for a fall. For each match won by a decision the winner gets one demerit and five demerits eliminate him. Thus he could win five matches in a row but if he scored no falls, would be out of the tournament.

INTERNATIONAL VS. COLLEGIATE

It may be, as international-style partisans hope, that AAU's new rules some day will be adopted by the colleges, partly to develop spectator interest, partly to build a reservoir of international-trained athletes for Olympic and other foreign competition. However, some college coaches kicked up a storm when they heard of AAU's shift and simultaneous hints that it be made the intercollegiate standard. The coaches' howls were not so much due to vested interest in a style which has taken them years to perfect as to the fact that those who know intercollegiate wrestling love its special qualities. With this peculiarly American style, the superiority of one wrestler over another can be determined quite accurately without need for the kind of judging which, under international rules, is based pretty much on qualitative opinion.

College matches are for a maximum of nine minutes, divided into three equal periods. International matches run 15 minutes—an opening period of six minutes followed by three of three minutes each, or, by choice of the leading wrestler, one period of nine continuous minutes.

To score a fall, which wins the match, the opponent's shoulder blades must be in continuous contact with the mat for two seconds in college wrestling, but under international rules only a momentary contact, except in the case of a rolling fall, is necessary.

Under the point system used in college wrestling a *near fall* may count either two or three points. This occurs when the offensive wrestler has his opponent in a pinning combination with both shoulders within two inches of

continued on next page

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WRESTLING

(continued from page 47)

the mat for two seconds (two points) or both shoulders in contact with the mat for one second (three points).

A *predicament* occurs when the offensive wrestler has his opponent in a pinning combination but not quite at the near-fall mark. Thus, both shoulders may be in contact with the mat for less than a full second, or they may be held within four inches of the mat for two seconds, or one shoulder may be on the mat and another within an angle of 45° of the mat for two seconds. It scores one point.

A *take-down* (bringing the opponent to the mat) is worth two points. An escape (the defensive wrestler gains a neutral position) counts one point and a reversal (the defensive wrestler comes from beneath and gains control) counts two points.

College rules provide one point for *time advantage*. Two timekeepers record the number of seconds each wrestler maintains a position of advantage. At the end of the match the lesser is

subtracted from the greater and one point is given for a full minute or more of accumulated net time.

International scoring is not so precise. Judges act almost as critics gaining a general impression of the performance of each wrestler, with special credit for *activity*, special discredit for *passivity*. One to three points may be given for a near fall; one for a take-down; one for a reversal in the first and fourth periods and, at the discretion of the judges, in the second and third periods; and one for activity in the first or fourth period.

GRECO-ROMAN GROWS

At the end of six minutes of international wrestling the judges vote on whether one contestant is markedly ahead, in which case the leader has a choice of continuing the bout in the same situation as when it was interrupted or of starting anew with ground wrestling. If neither has a strong lead they resume with ground wrestling. Under college rules, ground wrestling starts the second and third periods from the *referee's position* (see cut)



REFEREE'S POSITION ON MAT



TACKLE WITH ONE KNEE ON MAT



DOUBLE ARM LOCK GIVES FALL

CROTCH HOLD FOLLOW
THROUGH ON HALF NELSON,



WRESTLING HOLDS have no standard nomenclature, and the ones shown here are by no means all that are likely to turn up during a meet. Some top-notch wrestlers plan an entire series of holds in

advance, called "chain wrestling." Very much as a chess player will plan a series of moves. If one of the holds is countered the chain wrestler proceeds to a new series. While holds designed solely to inflict pain

but in international matches the underneath wrestler may be attacked from either a standing or kneeling position and wrestling begins when he is touched by his opponent.

Greco-Roman rules give an edge to men with powerful arms, shoulders and neck muscles (just as college rules, because of time-advantage scoring, give a tall wrestler with plenty of reach an advantage).

Greco-Roman has been revived largely because Joseph Scalzo, a Toledo patent lawyer with muscles, went to the 1952 Olympics as a wrestling judge and came away seething because the U.S. had no entries in the Greco-Roman events. Russia piled up 56 points in Greco-Roman alone. Since then Scalzo has been developing Greco-Roman wrestlers in America, persuading amateurs to add it to their repertoire. A test of strength and endurance, more than of agility and adroitness, Greco-Roman often presents the spectacle of two men locked in straining embraces for minutes on end. By American standards it is not exciting but Europeans, and, in fact, two-

thirds of the world, regard it highly.

As Scalzo, intercollegiate 145-pound champion from Penn State in 1939, has been booming the Greco-Roman style, another great amateur, Henry Wittenberg, has been holding clinics to familiarize judges, wrestlers and fans with the new AAU freestyle rules. A former New York cop who is now an advertising executive, Wittenberg was 191-pound Olympic champion in 1948, eight-time national AAU champion and at one period went undefeated in 350 successive bouts.

OLYMPIC PREVIEW

A preview of this American representation at Melbourne was had recently at Amityville (N.Y.) Memorial High School during the national AAU championships in freestyle and Greco-Roman. A Japanese team led by Ichiro Hatta, the president of the Japanese Wrestling Association who introduced occidental wrestling to Japan 25 years ago, won both freestyle and Greco-Roman national titles in the three lightest weight divisions. But Ameri-

continued on next page



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HOLD-DOWN FROM REFEREE'S POSITION



CROSS BODY RIDE



THE FLYING MARE

are banned in amateur wrestling many of them are decidedly uncomfortable. The wrestler on one knee (above) could not slam his opponent to the mat from a standing position but can do so with one knee on the

mat. In Greco-Roman wrestling the legs must be "passive" and cannot be used, as in the scissors, to subdue an opponent. The flying mare (lower right) is most valuable in Greco-Roman but also is seen in freestyle.



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WRESTLING

continued from page 49

cans put great hopes on William Kerslake of Cleveland, who retained his heavyweight championships in both styles. Dr. Melvin Northrup, 47-year-old San Francisco veterinarian who continues to wrestle because a spinal arthritis condition recurs every time he retires from the sport, won his fourth AAU freestyle title.

Oklahoma A & M is to wrestling what Notre Dame is to football. The Aggies won their 18th team title in 25 years at the National Collegiate Athletic Association championships held last month at Cornell. Sixty-six colleges sent 181 wrestlers, the biggest field to date, to the tournament.

There were 3,800 spectators at the intercollegiate finals, by no means a football crowd but an indication of sturdy interest in the sport. The Eastern Intercollegiate championships at Penn State drew 13,000 in four sessions. Lehigh University's dual meet with Navy jammed Grace Hall, holding about 3,800, and about 7,000 attended the Lehigh-Penn State meet.

A SPORT FOR ALL

Wrestling does not lack for fans so much as it lacks for understanding. At an occasional match someone will be delegated to explain the general concept to the audience and sometimes a college referee will make clear, not only to the timekeepers but to the spectators as well, how the match is going in terms of advantage and points scored. It helps a great deal to have a referee who addresses himself partly to the audience when he advises the timekeepers that one wrestler has scored a point or has gained a position of advantage but unfortunately international rules forbid this practice.

It would help also if more of the audience could understand that wrestling is a sport which, though wonderfully suited to athletes who are too small for football, too slow of foot for track, too dim-sighted for tennis (blind amateurs are fairly common), nevertheless calls for the utmost in body conditioning, in skill and in courage. At the end of nine minutes of wrestling competitors normally collapse into attitudes of exhaustion. Wrestlers who have played football contend that a nine-minute match takes more out of them than four quarters of football.

It is a small sport, as Daniel Webster once said of Dartmouth, but there are those who love it. Anyone who has ever tried it, respects it. (END)

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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

BOSTON EVENING

AMERICAN

Austen Lake reports that Frankie Carbo has kept his word to Jim Norris and Tony DeMarco, the new welter champ, is safely in the IBC camp



ONCE again, Boston's great, gullible boxing public has become the fight mob's chump. The news ticker reads "New York City—Contracts were signed today for Tony DeMarco, Boston's newly crowned world welter champion, to meet Carmen Basilio, challenger from Syracuse, N.Y. for the title on June 10. The bout will be in Syracuse."

Hello, suckers! We've been pecked for a patsy by the IBC-Mob, whose long arm reached into Boston to snatch back its private property. The New York fight monopolists have once more forced their will on a Class-B fight town to protect syndicate boxing. Tony DeMarco is now inducted into the IBC Trust to be exploited by the muscle mob.

Here's an eye-witness episode: fol-

lowing Friday night's sensational upset which had underrated DeMarco flailing the sawdust filling out of the Mob's waxworks champion (Saxton). Frank Carbo approached Rip Valenti.

The dictator of the "Combo" spoke grimly. DeMarco's secret manager listened glumly.

"Remember," said Carbo, "your first title defense is with Basilio at Syracuse. I promised Jim Norris and we always keep our word."

Valenti nodded.

It was an ultimatum. The fight mob's Jove had hurled his thunderbolt in a short, ominous sentence, "we always keep our word." Nothing more was needed. The inference was "either, or else." Now let Valenti deny he talked with Carbo, or that this is not

continued on next page



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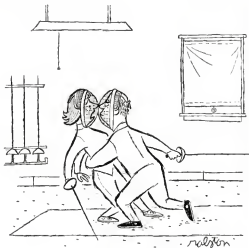


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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

continued from page 51

the gist of the conversation. Nor can Valenti plead: "I had no choice. I signed a contract."

True, he had no alternative. But it wasn't because of the contract, which was coercive and has no legal standing. It was because the Mob has persuasive ways of its own, as proved when Ray Arcel was skulled by an imported slugger wielding a hunk of pipe on September 19, 1953, in front of the Hotel Manger.

So Valenti heeded the master's voice. He promptly had DeMarco whisked to New York while the kid's wounds from the Saxton fight were still fresh. He wished to demonstrate his prompt obedience to the code. And DeMarco, as Rip's protégé, did as he was told. His not to reason why—his but to do.

Thus DeMarco becomes an involuntary chattel of the IBC, forced to accept the Mob dictates, which are to fight his first title-defense before an alien crowd and at the unpredictable whims of alien fight officials for a percentage of a \$150,000 (maximum) gate, or about one-third what the same host would draw at Fenway Park.

Now let's fit together the pieces of this puzzle and study the partially complete picture, which will be finished at Syracuse on June 10. Immediately after Tony clothed Saxton, Blinky Palermo (Carbo's No. 2 boss of the Mob) resigned his privilege of a rematch with DeMarco within 90 days in a town of his (Blinky's) choosing. With rare generosity Blinky waived Saxton's priority in favor of Basilio. Why was he so liberal?

It didn't take long to learn why. The Mob's boss changed the plot in collaboration with the IBC's Jim Norris. Jim decided that Basilio, an IBC "policeman," was better equipped to beat DeMarco. Norris didn't wish to risk having tough-Tony slap Saxton silly again.

CONSOLATION PRIZE

Blinky graciously stepped down—temporarily! But he was promised a consolation prize—the next welter title-bout in late summer and a fat slice of the profits. Palermo, like Valenti, had to take the Mob's potluck. For such is the hard, disciplinary rule of Carbo that Blinky did not receive the full \$40,000 guaranteed for the DeMarco fight. He got only half (\$20,000) from the small (\$53,662) net, a poor house caused by Tony's disappointing fight with Jimmy Carter on Feb. 11.

Most of the rest went to Valenti and Sam Silverman for being good boys. It took Sam off the deficit hook and sweetened Rip's disposition for later events. Deponent saith not what DeMarco got. For things are not what they are reported, either to the Boxing Commission or the press. Things are what the fight pixies decide behind locked doors!

ME TOO

So Valenti let himself be captured by the enemy and marched to the rear, taking DeMarco along as the IBC's latest hostage. And once more the great, credulous fight public becomes a patsy to a Mob conspiracy. Me too. For I thought Valenti would have the gumption to defy the New York Monopoly and give his protégé an honest break. He lacked the guts.

As Alice in Wonderland says, things get "curiouser and curiouser" in the audacious mockery of boxing. Boston is once more the chump in a fight conspiracy, to be milked and mulcted until a home-town star is born, only to see him kidnaped by sharpies. And DeMarco becomes an unwitting mouse marched into the fat-cat's hungry jaws. So, hello suckers!—see you at the badminton games. (END)

ANNIVERSARY



JACK BLACK, a dirty fighter with a hard punch, ended Jack Broughton's distinguished reign as heavy-weight champion of England 205 years ago this week. Temporarily blinded after a few minutes of fighting, the clever Broughton was urged to further effort by the Duke of Cumberland, who had bet \$250,000 on him. The gallant veteran replied, "I'm blind, Your Grace. Only let me see my man and he shall not beat me yet." But Cumberland could not open Broughton's swollen eyes. In 14 minutes the title had passed to Black.

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EASTER PARADERS

One of the strangest pageants of nature occurs in the West every spring when sage grouse gather at traditional prairie mating grounds and strut before their ladies

by JOHN O'REILLY

WHEN it comes to fancy wooing the sage grouse is the classiest stepper-outer of all American birds. He even puts on a more pompous performance than the wild turkey gobbler. Moving across his strutting ground in full display, the male sage grouse represents the height of avian arrogance and is well nicknamed cock of the plains. Now with spring coming to the sagebrush country of the West, the males are assembled to strut their stuff.

Since the Lewis and Clark expedition first reported this largest member of the grouse family in America their springtime strutting has brought amusement and amazement to all who have seen it. Instead of staging the show singly the sage grouse put on a group strut, as many as several hundred gathering at a traditional strutting ground where the cocks carry on their bizarre antics for the duration of the mating season.

Before dawn the birds start moving into the strutting ground, usually a fairly open area. As daylight comes, the cocks are already active. About the size of a domestic hen and weighing up to seven pounds, the cocks are appropriately feathered to put on a show. A grayish-brown bird, the male has stiff white breast feathers tipped with black, and on the front of its throat are air sacs which, when distended, resemble miniature balloons.

When the urge to show off comes over a sage grouse he raises his tail into a stiff fan. Viewed from the rear, this spreading tail with its pointed feathers and white spots resembles a cactus plant blooming on the desert. At the same time the cock drops his wings until they brush the ground, and from the back of his neck wiry feathers rise up to form a jaunty coronet.

In this expanded condition the grouse starts bobbing and gulping as he pumps air into the sacs on his throat. His head is held high and he pumps and pumps until his chest is thrown out like a balloon, the white breast feathers becoming a vibrating shawl. Marching ahead a few steps, he rubs his wings against the shawl to make a swishing sound. At the peak of the display the entire front of the bird is bouncing up and down as though the creature were on the point of exploding. This is accompanied by a resonant sound, with the air sacs acting as a drum.

Various students of the sage grouse have described this sound differently. Back in 1905 L. E. Burnett said it sounded "like an old pump." George L. Girard thought it was "like the bursting of a paper sack inflated with air." And Dr. Robert L. Patterson, author of *The Sage Grouse* in Wyoming, who made a four-year study of the birds, said it resembled the sound made "when a rock is dropped into an old well."

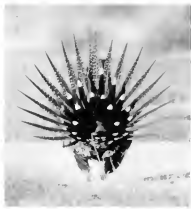
While all this strutting, plopping and swishing is going on, the hens, hardly more than half the size of the cocks,

move into the strutting ground and wander about among the strutters. The cocks are dispersed over the prairie in small groups, with one old bird dominating each harem.

When other males attempt to mingle with these groups the trouble starts. There is much bluffing and occasionally some wing-flailing combat. Some of these battles are bloody, but the vanquished bird flees to woo again. After mating, the hens go off to build their nests and raise the young without any assistance from the males. The latter just keep on strutting.

Originally the sage grouse (also known as the sage hen) was one of the most abundant creatures of the vast sagebrush lands sprawling over the West. As a result of overgrazing, diversion of land to agriculture and unrestricted hunting, the grouse population dwindled until 20 years ago it was thought that the bird was headed for extinction.

But in the late 30s hunting them was prohibited, and various land-management plans were put into effect. The birds responded. Their numbers increased again until there are now open seasons in many areas. Conservationists now feel that under proper regulations there will be sage grouse around as long as there is sagebrush. For the time being, at least, the birds can strut their stuff on safe ground.



PROUD STEPPER, shown with tail fanned out (above) and in profile (right), performs for unseen hens at dawn and again at dusk. His chesty air sac bounces as he walks.





FIGHTING COCKS flail each other with their wings as they stage a battle that is mostly bluff and bombast for the benefit

of watching hens. Presently the loser will fly off unharmed to look for other female grouse to impress with his showmanship.



THE WINNER STRUTS before his harem on the prairie, tail erect and chest thrown out. Now his booming voice will roll across

the sagebrush as he brags of his courting prowess and incidentally tells Westerners that spring has come to their land at last.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO=season opened (or opened); SC=season closed (or closed); SV=season varied by district or water.
C=clear water; D=water dirty or silty; M=water muddy.
N=water at normal height; RH=slightly high; H=high; VH=very high; L=low; R=rising; F=falling.
WTSO=water temperature 50°.
FG=fishing good; FF=fishing fair; FP=fishing poor; OG=outlook good; OF=outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

TROUT: NEW YORK: 80 April with most Catskill and lower Adirondack streams in fine shape but too cold for good fishing. Kaopon River in clear and fishable; WT 56-10 on evening day but small fly hatches were reported last week and OG for fly and spin fishing unless cold snap reverses rising water temperature; trout will be chased through next week or longer. Beaverkill should produce well when WT warms reported 50° next week but it's wise to make last-minute check by phone. OF for New York City watershed streams and reservoirs as opening-day hordes left lots of stocked trout unharmed.

WASHINGTON: 80 April 17 in lowland lakes and outlook is excellent in most of this water.

CALIFORNIA: New hot spot is Inland Reservoir 140 miles E of Bakersfield; producers have made initial catches to three pounds; OG through April.

KANSAS: New secret weapon of Walker Lake anglers is 100-pound aro-oxepers discovered overseas cutthroats (to 15 pounds) are hitting plugs and sunners at 100 to 150-foot depths all along U.S. Highway 93; OG while warm, calm weather holds.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: With warmer weather all Vancouver Island lakes are coming in well, with fine catches on fly, troll and bait from Starfish, Goosecreek, Beaverfall, Echo and Mogan; anglers in slower in Campbell, McVey and Cameron lakes but spinner-and-worm may take a limit. OG in all coastal areas for next two weeks, and interior lakes should start to give good sport toward end of month.

PENNSYLVANIA: 80 April 15; most Potomac Mountain and central Pennsylvania streams SH, C, W 52-55; our Broadheads Creek agent predicts fair opening-day hatch of Quill Goggles on Anabasin section of river.

BLACK BASS: FLORIDA: In NW Florida FF in Apalachicola and Lake Talquin. FF in Apalachicola, Blackwater, Choctawhatchee and Escambia rivers. FL: Delaware River and Dead Lake (where early season found three-to-six-pounders hungry for top-water plugs at sunset). FF in mid-central Florida lakes with lakes Tarpon (N. of Clearwater), Hatchersha (E of Orlando), Harris (at Hialeah) and Juliana (N. of Auburndale) producing well.

TENNISSEE: Most bass activity in Douglas, Norris and Cherokee lakes is at medium depth and near inlets; local experts are seeing with live bait or smallish lures worked slowly and close to banks; outlook is fair through April.

MISSOURI: Lakes Taneycomo and Bull Shoals (upper section): C, N, P, OG with live minnows favored by fish and fishermen.

CALIFORNIA: Mohave Lake is at water's peak with spawning whoppers walloping plugs all sorts, including top-water types. Top fish last week was nine-pounder, OG on all lower Colorado reservoirs through April.

ATLANTIC SALMON: MAINE: At peak time anglers are still trying for first salmon of the season from Bangor Pool, where water was running gear-like last VEH; as flowing with eapion, initial fish will be shipped to White House.

NEW BRUNSWICK: Ice in Manasquan is starting to go out and several miles of river were fishable last week for sea-bound "blackies"; Cains River is ice-free for 20 miles above mouth.

KINGFISH: FLORIDA: West coast's annual kingfish run is early this year, and bunts from Boca Grande to Tarpon Springs are bringing in catches of 20 to 60 kings from six to 16 pounds; fish are bunched as run progresses and are harder to locate but once found they'll hit almost any lure (with No. 14 spoons, none with bathers or mullet strips, considered best bait). City Councilmen Victor Betty of Venice and his son Victor Jr., of Detroit, boated 74 kings in one trip last week, 12 miles offshore, OG next 10 days.

STEELHEAD TROUT: OREGON: North Santiam lower NH, P, C, FG, OG; best lure is red-and-white wadkies, and fish are running to 15 pounds.

TRAP: Middle Park of Salmon reports fish moving up to spawning streams in good numbers; Weaver River improving steadily; best spot in Little Salmon is Fire Hole below Riggins; Snake River providing poor-to-fair fishing, and OG.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Occasional bright fish are still showing in Vedder and Alouette on mainland. Cowhatch, Quamash, Oyster, Campbell and Quilchewan River on Vancouver Island, but dark fish are now spawning in all streams and OG until summer rain begin to show late in May.

WASHINGTON: A few rivers are open for steelhead until April 30, P, OG in Bagehatch, Soladuck, Quets, FF, OG in Skokomish.

LANGLAND SALMON: MAINE: Sebago Lake is now open except for some small coves, and a few trout-proof anglers were taking salmon from two to five pounds last week, northern lakes are still far from ice-out dates.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: Current hot spots are at Santa Clara shoals in the Delta and in San Joaquin River off Jersey Island; west side of San Pablo Bay is recovering after last week's blow. Thirty-one pounder was top catch last week but many limits of smaller fish (mostly on bait) were brought in. After several false starts the spring run into the Delta has begun, and the outlook is excellent.

CHANNEL BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: OG through April and May for channel bass in and inlets between Kitty Hawk and Ocracoke. Last week's top catch was 60-pounder landed by Forrest Dunstap of Elizabeth City while trolling in Ocracoke Inlet. First bass from start was 35-pounder landed by L. R. Gardner of Norfolk on April 3, and earl at Hatteras Inlet is starting to provide fair action.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

13-16—now in R. J. 17-19—see Section 85
20—Wiggin, Section 86, 24—M. J. Post, 25
26—Wiggin, Section 86, 27—M. J. Post, 28
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98—Wiggin, Section 86, 99—M. J. Post, 100

IT'S THE BAHAMAS for RECORD FISH by DON MCCARTHY



Mrs. Stafford L. Sands and Capt. Basil Albani with 50-lb., 12-in. world-record largemouth bass for 20th. test bass. Fish was caught off Andros Town, Bahamas, June 1953.

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Proof of the quality of Bahamas angling will be found in the world-record charts corrected to January 1, 1953.

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The best months for record catches are coming up, according to the records which show that 54% of the global marks established in the Bahamas were caught in April, May, June and July.

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THE DOC

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE 13TH HOLE of the Augusta National Golf Course, the scene of the annual Masters Golf Tournament, is a par five some 470 yards long which doglegs sharply to the left. Rae's Creek, which follows along the left side of the hole, cuts across the width of the fairway just before the green and then bends back to patrol the green tightly along the right. It is the strategic sinuosity of the creek, of course, that makes the hole one of the most demanding tests on America's outstanding inland course. The golfer who follows a fine drive with a daring second over the water and onto the green is in a position then to pick up a stroke on par, and sometimes two, and this can frequently turn a fair round into a good round and a good round into a great one. On the other hand, the golfer who follows a fine drive with a daring second that does not quite fill the bill generally receives a very stern comeuppance. It is the rare Masters indeed when the 13th is not the stage for some dramatic turn of events, and the 19th Masters, which finished this week, was certainly no exception.

On the first day of the tournament, Sam Snead, the defending champion, came to the 13th two under par and playing just as precisely as those figures would indicate. He laced out a long drive and, with a little wind in his face, elected to play a spoon for his second. The shot cleared the creek with yards to spare, but Sam had pulled it a shade and the ball thudded into the wet sand on the far wall of a newly remodeled side-hill trap just off the edge of the green. After flicking away a little sand with his hand, Sam was able to identify the buried ball as the one he was playing, and then he got down to the bitter business of extricating it. Standing on the turf outside the trap, a foot or so above the ball, in his first attempt he succeeded only in driving it deeper into the sand. That was three. On his next attempt he hit the ball flush on the top with the blade of his wedge and moved it not at all. Four. Holding his poise, remembering that a ball lacerated such as his was now, le-

SHOWS THE MASTERS HOW

The Sneads, Hogans and Burkes drew the early crowds during the 19th Masters Golf Tournament at Augusta. Then Cary Middlecoff got hot, and the onetime Memphis dentist—fidgeting and frowning—ran clean away from all the others

gally can be deemed unplayable and a new ball substituted without loss of stroke, Sam, after checking with the officials, made just such a substitution. On his third attempt the ball trickled down the face and into the center of the trap. He was out in six, finally, and down in two putts for an eight. It was an utterly unfortunate, typically Snead, experience, and the wonder was that Sam could accept it with the stoicism he displayed and finish the round with four pars and a birdie. But Snead, who had come to the Masters exuding the sunniest disposition of his postwar career, was thereafter in a far less expansive and confident mood.

MEET DR. MIDDLECOFF

On the second day of the tournament, Dr. Emmett Cary Middlecoff, a "voluntarily unemployed dentist" as Bob Jones described him, and perhaps the most accomplished tuff-man player the game has produced since "Long Jim" Barnes, came to the 13th five under par. Capable of very hot streaks, Cary was enjoying an extremely caloric day. He had opened with a birdie, followed it with four pars, and then had gone off on a terrific burst of four consecutive birdies. This had brought him to the turn in a record 31. Start-

ing back, he had started to cool off, not much, mind you, but a few degrees nonetheless. He played three comfortable pars and this brought him to the 13th.

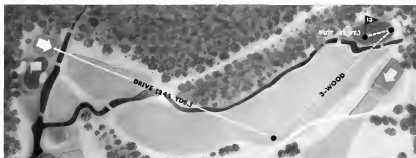
When a golfer is off on a hot round in a major tournament, the foreknowledge of the prodigies he may continue to perform and also of the sudden disaster that can overtake him heightens everything he does. Every little movement takes on a meaning of its own. This may explain, in a superficial way, why Middlecoff is one of the most exciting golfers to be with when he is off on one of his sub-par dashes, for few modern athletes can contrive to pack as many fidgety movements into an afternoon's work.

Middlecoff can rarely play a shot without working up to it with several tugs at the vizor of his cap, a brief exploration of the territory stretching before him, a long gander at his target, a movement of repose as he hikes his trousers, a little unloosening of the neck muscles, a pause to dry his right hand on the seat of his trousers, another tug at the vizor, another brief exploration, and so on—all this accompanied by a frown of furious concentration. Beneath the parade of gestures there is the complete absorption

of a high-strung, intelligent, emotional individual playing an extremely nerve-racking game. And it is this abiding intensity, of course, that Middlecoff communicates to his galleries and which explains the charged atmosphere he creates when he is pouring it on. On the 13th he pushed his tee shot to the high or right side of the fairway. There was an absolute hush the length of the gallery—stretched out some 300 yards along the roped-off fairway—as Middlecoff went with his spoon on his second. He hit a fine, solid shot, and as the ball cleared the creek and landed on the green and rolled to the back edge, a series of shouts went up the length of the line of spectators. These salvos bounced off the pines on the ridge across the fairway and the area reverberated with a sound not unlike artillery fire on a distant battlefield.

Middlecoff strode to the green and inspected, sighted, scrutinized and deciphered the line of his long, long, putt. They change the location of the pins every day at the Masters, and on this, the second day, it was positioned at the front of the long, slippery green some 82 feet away. The precise distance is known, to be sure, only because Middlecoff sank that putt, and

continued on next page



THE FATEFUL 13TH, while it proved the undoing of Challengers Snead and Burke, helped boost Middlecoff into an impregnable lead. His second round eagle three is charted above,

the solid line at left indicating his tee shot, the dotted line his approach to the back of the green and the line at upper right his incredible 82-foot putt over treacherous grassy rolls.



STROKING with driver, iron and putter, lanky Cary Middlecoff, one of golf's tallest virtuosos, presents a whole new set of

angles for the golfing student. A short-swinger for a pro, Middlecoff produces his best shots when he is approaching and putting

THE MASTERS

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the curious thing was that everyone in the gallery felt he might very well do it. Middlecoff eventually tapped the putt, and no ball ever looked whiter than this one did as it ghosted its way just below the center folds of the shadow-strewn green and rolled and rolled and slowed down and then crept off a final slight break and fell into the hole. And then, those salvos again.

Cary Middlecoff's eagle, because of how and when it happened and the further fact that he went on to win this Masters Tournament, will undoubtedly be referred to time and time again as long as the game is played. Eight thousand persons may have been lucky enough to have witnessed it, but like the number of people who now claim to have seen Sarazen's double eagle

and the small army that apparently came over on the *Magflower*, the count will surely rise from year to year. Very possibly, it is the longest putt of any consequence holed in a major event since Bob Jones got one into the cup on the fifth green at St. Andrews from 120 feet away in the 1927 British Open.

THE MIDDLE GUARD

After the 13th, Middlecoff came in in even par—a birdie on 15th, a "bogey" on the 17th where he three-putted—for a 65, seven under par. Accordingly, he did not equal the course record of 64 set by Lloyd Mangrum back in 1940 when the Augusta National was younger and less difficult, but what he did do was to take charge there and then and he never did relinquish his grip until he finished his fourth round two evenings later with a margin of

seven strokes over the runner-up, Ben Hogan. In this respect, the margin of victory, it was the most decisive triumph in the history of the Masters.

The only day of the tournament which Middlecoff did not dominate was the opening day. The Masters nearly always gets more than an even break from the weather and, sure enough, on Thursday morning, despite prediction of intermittent showers, the sun began to break through the overcast just as the first starters, Freddy McLeod, U.S. Open Champion in 1908, and Jack Hutchison, British Open Champion in 1921, drove off and ambled down the fairway accompanied by Johnny McDermott, the first American-born golfer ever to win our Open. A short time later, Billy Joe Patton was called to the first tee. Lurching into his drive with characteristic abandon, he pushed into the small pines in the rough. When he played a superb recovery 15 feet from the pin—why, it seemed that last year's Masters was still going on. At the end of Billy Joe's first nine, though, you knew it was another year. He was out in 39 and he never really did get the bit in his teeth from that point on. The old guard was up front, as always in the Masters: Snead at 72 (despite his 8), Ben Hogan at 73, Lloyd Mangrum at 74. The young guard had fairly strong representation in Mike Souchak at 71, Bob Rosburg at 72. The in-between age group that, for lack of a better tag, must be called the middle guard was in good shape, too: Middlecoff was 72, Julius Boros, 71 and Jack Burke out in front of the pack by four strokes with a handsome 67.

MIDDLECOFF OF MEMPHIS

Emmett Cary Middlecoff was born to both dentistry and golf. His father, Dr. Herman, who has a lucrative dental practice in the Middlecoffs' home town of Memphis, is also a low-handicap golfer, and he broke Cary (who dislikes the name Emmett) to the game at the age of 7. Cary won his first important tournament—the Memphis Prep—when he was 17 and the City Championship at 18. He took his dental degree, spent the next two years as an Army dentist and in 1946, before being discharged as a captain, he played to the quarter finals of the U.S. Amateur. Chosen for the 1947 Walker Cup team he declined the honor to turn pro. He won his first professional start (and \$2,000) at Charlotte, N.C. and that first year collected about \$7,000 on the pro circuit. He takes his wife Edith with him on the golfing trail. His biggest previous win was the 1949 Open. Tall (6 feet 2 inches) for a top golfer, and now 34, he is noted for his compact swing and jumpy nerves.

If the scores ran somewhat higher than they generally do in the Masters, the explanation was that the course was playing considerably longer than in previous years. This was due to the heavy, lush growth of the grass in the fairways which cut down the roll on tee shots to a minimum. The course looked different in one other respect. Two weeks before the tournament the southeast sector was hit by a severe "cold freeze," and among the many victims were the dogwood and the other southern flora that line the fairways at the Augusta National. They were missed, but the beauty of the setting is founded on the greenness of the grass and the pines and the golf values of the terrain, and the Augusta National looked just about as lovely as ever. As one old Augusta hand put it, "Son, let's face it. Here you have the Grace Kelly of golf courses—beautiful from all angles and in all weather."

THE CLAUDE HARMON BOYS' CLUB

On Friday, the second day, until Middlecoff began to percolate, the key figure was the leader, Jack Burke. A member of that talented coterie now being alluded to as the Claude Harmon Boys' Club—it is made up of the young men who have served as Claude's assistants at Winged Foot and includes such other top-notch young players as Mike Souchak, Al Mengert, Dick Mayer, and Shelley Mayfield—a great deal has been expected of Jack for quite some time, but he inveterately has been unable to get through a big championship without coming up with one poor round. Here, when it was important that he stick close to par, he had a 76. In some ways Jack played a sturdier round than his score would suggest. But he still misses his shots in just the wrong places. Middlecoff, on the other hand, played his poor shots when they hurt him least, and beyond this, throughout the tournament he putted far better than any man in the field, always holing the crucial ones. This was clearly evident on Saturday, the third day, when Middlecoff had taken over the leadership at the halfway mark with his total of 137, four shots ahead of Hogan, six ahead of Burke and Snead, seven over Rosburg, eight over Souchak and nine over Boros. It was patent that if any of these challengers was going to overhaul Middlecoff he had better get going, and quick. None of them could buy a putt. Hogan, emerging as the only serious challenger as the afternoon wore on, three-putted three of the four par

continued on next page

NERVY AND NERVOUS PUTT ON THE 18TH



First Middlecoff removes a fly speck from irrelevant blade of grass



Then sights and measures downhill 15-footer from behind and side



Finally he putts (and misses) with favorite old mallet-type weapon





WITH MASTERS' IMPRESARIO BOBBY JONES (LEFT) LOOKING ON INTENTLY FROM HIS MOTORIZED CART, BEN HOGAN WALLOPS A LONG

THE MASTERS

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3s, and what could very easily have been a 69 became a 72. Middlecoff, on the other hand, confronted by a possible 74, got home in 72. On the 17th, with Hogan breathing down his neck, he holed a tough 10-footer after a very timid approach putt. And then on the 18th, lying two off the edge of the dipping green, he rapped in a curler some 25 feet long. They made quite a difference, those two clutch putts. Middlecoff entered the final round with his lead of four strokes over Hogan still intact, and you can use a lead of that size when Ben is stalking you.

On Sunday, the day of the final round, Middlecoff was not scheduled to tee off until 1:42, a half hour after Hogan's starting time. Waiting to get out is hard even on golfers of phlegmatic make-up. The five and a half hours from 8 o'clock, when he awoke, until 1:42 were murder for Middlecoff and by his own account the longest 20 hours he has ever spent. "I bought the Sunday papers on Saturday night," he recounted later, "but I purposely held off reading them till Sunday morning. Well, I read the fannies and drank some coffee, and it still wasn't 9 o'clock. Then I decided to play some

records on the phonograph to kill some time, things like Glenn Miller. I thought I played those records for hours. I was ready to throw the machine out the window. I checked the time and it was still only 10 o'clock. Then I got out some magazines and read them for what seemed like hours. At 11 o'clock I bathed and shaved and ate a big breakfast here at the club and killed time in the locker room and hit a few shots down the practice fairway, and then it was nearly 1:42. I thought it would never come."

THE MAN TO BEAT

Playing about three holes in front of Middlecoff (who was partnered with Nelson), Hogan (who was partnered with Boros) began his pursuit coolly and methodically. Ben's play during the tournament reflected to some degree that he hadn't had the time he would have liked to tune his game up. He had planned to give himself a two weeks' prep at Augusta but he had been called back to Fort Worth by a business problem. Nonetheless, he was hitting the ball well from tee to green, and had he been putting, on Sunday he might have been able to put Middlecoff under considerable pressure. He had an eight-footer for his birdie on the 2nd, a 12-footer for his birdie

on the 3rd, and another 12-footer on the 4th. He missed them all. He three-putted the 5th from 35 feet. When he missed an eminently holeable birdie putt on the 6th from seven feet, his bid was over. The only man Middlecoff had to beat now was Middlecoff.

Cary was chattering nervously as he played, but he was hitting the ball hard, not taking too long over his shots, and all in all playing very efficiently until he came to the 5th, one under par. Then, on this rugged 450-yard par four, he tried to belt an extra-long one and duck-hooked his tee shot into a shallow trap. He hit a very wobbly recovery with his five-iron, catching the ball too high and rolling it only some 75 yards down the fairway. An unimpressive seven-iron shot put him on the lower deck of the two-level green. His approach putt from 30 feet below the cup slipped five feet past, but he holed the big one coming back and it did him a world of good. Byron Nelson, who can bring in a horse like Eddie Arcaro, relaxed him further with a little chatter about nothing at all on the 6th tee, and Cary proceeded to pump a good iron toward the flag. It struck on the apron before the green and hopped up some 14 feet from the cup. He banged it in for his bird. Then

continued on page 64



DRIVE OFF THE 14TH TEE IN LOSING CAUSE

THE COURSE AND ITS MASTER

Dr. Cary Middlecoff used 11 clubs in his fourth and final round to win. This is how the dentist employed his tools, with putter excepted:

HOLE	YARDAGE	PAR	SCORE	CLUBS USED
1	400	4	4	Driver, wedge
2	385	5	4	Driver, 3-wood
3	355	4	4	Driver, wedge
4	330	3	3	3-iron
5	450	4	5	Driver, 5-iron, 7-iron
6	190	3	3	6-iron
7	365	4	3	Driver, wedge
8	530	5	5	Driver, 3-wood, wedge
9	420	4	4	Driver, 4-iron
OUT	3,475	36	36	
10	470	4	6	Driver, 1-iron, wedge, wedge
11	445	4	4	Driver, 2-iron
12	155	3	2	5-iron
13	470	5	5	Driver, 3-iron, wedge
14	420	4	4	Driver, 5-iron
15	505	5	4	Driver, 4-iron, wedge
16	190	3	3	4-iron
17	400	4	5	Driver, 4-iron
18	420	4	3	Driver, 4-iron
IN	3,475	36	36	
TOTAL	6,950	72	70	

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AIDES

THE MASTERS

continued from page 62

he followed with a much more authoritative birdie on the 7th, holing for a birdie three after a crisp wedge approach to 10 feet.

He turned in 34, and thereafter he had only one other rough passage. He went two over par on the 10th with a six when he pushed his iron into a trap by the green and took two to get out. He was still shaky playing the 11th, and here he received an exceedingly good break on his approach to that dangerous green; he came up much too quickly on his two-iron and the shot never climbed more than three feet above the ground. It had the line, however, and kept bounding down the slope and over the mounds and finished well on the green. A weak approach putt again left him a five-footer and again, as on the 5th, he made it. His last attack of jitters was over. He played a fine birdie two on the 12th. "I don't see what can happen now, do you?" he asked Nelson as they walked to the 13th tee. "No," said Byron.

And nothing did happen. From that point on Middlecoff played wonderful

gold shots and he played them with tactical intelligence. He played short of Rae's Creek with his second on the 13th and got his par, which is all he wanted. A very easy par on the 14th. A birdie on the 15th. Another easy par on the 16th. A harmless bogey on the 17th when he three-putted. Then the 18th, the last hole on the long journey home. A big drive. A six-iron — and Cary never did hit a more perfect shot. The ball spun around the rim of the cup and subsided three feet away. He holed that putt for a 70 on the round and a total of 279.

It was in all ways a magnificent victory for the 34-year-old son of a Memphis dentist who had trained for dentistry himself but gave up his practice in January, 1947 to try the much more precarious one of drilling irons for the pin. A year and a half later he won the National Open. "I was enough of a neophyte not to know what I was doing," Middlecoff remarked of that victory at the presentation ceremonies. "I found it was harder after that. I wondered if I was ever going to win another big tournament." Well, everything comes to him who waits and who outplays the opposition by seven solid strokes. **END**

THEY ALSO TEE OFF

Stan Leonard, Canadian star who finished with 292, fired one of Augusta's six sub-70 rounds, but suffered generally from low trajectory with his fairway woods. . . . Dick Mayer (293) was wild off tee first day, finished with three fine rounds. . . . Shae Niegler's 294 was his top showing in a major event in some time. . . . Frank Stranahan (295) had two finishing 71s, his best golf since turning pro. . . . Jay Hebert (295) would have been a contender with some better putting. . . . Walter Burkemo (295) ruined chances with dou-

bling 77. . . . Peter Thomson (297) suffered from lack of length. . . . Gene Littler (298), overgolfed and listless, never got started. . . . Tommy Bolt (298), decidedly off form — particularly on the greens — was through after third round 77. . . . Ed Furgol (299) eliminated himself with misjudged approach on 7th hole of third round. . . . Billy Joe Patton (310), three over par after first 8 holes, was never a factor. . . . Horton Smith (315) kept his record of having played and finished every round since the first Masters in 1934.



THE BIG FOUR, HANDS DOWN: Clifford Roberts, tournament chairman, Runner-up Ben Hogan, Champion Middlecoff and Club President Bob Jones seal the Masters.

TIP FROM THE TOP



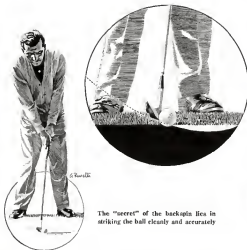
Particularly for low-handicap golfers who play frequently

from JULIUS BOROS, pro at the Mid Pines Club, Southern Pines, N.C.

GOLFERS seem to have two ambitions above all others: they would like to be able to drive as long as the pros and to be able to stop their approaches on the greens the way the pros can. Much sensible instruction has been provided on how to gain length off the tee, but it has been my experience that the average golfer is quite confused on the business of backspin.

First, let me tell you how, contrary to popular belief, one does not achieve backspin; you don't get it by over-emphasizing the down motion of the downswing—that is, by simply driving the ball into the ground as forcefully as you can.

Backspin, to some degree, depends on the relationship of the power of the blade to the power of the shaft. You must have the right equipment first. Then—it is all very unmysterious and painstaking—backspin is produced by contacting the ball absolutely cleanly, striking it a quarter of an inch or so above its base as you hit down-and-through the ball. This takes plenty of time and some skill to master, but it is this precise striking of the ball that creates the spin in flight that in turn creates the backspin action when the ball hits the green.



The "secret" of the backspin lies in striking the ball cleanly and accurately

NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: GENE ANDERSEN ON CURING SHANKING



"Fred, the answer to your problem IS RIGHT HERE!"

YES, the answer to many a golfer's problems has been found in the pages of Power-Bilt Catalogs. For there you will see and learn about the finest golf clubs that 37 years of manufacturing know-how can produce. If you're not getting all you think you should out of your present clubs, we earnestly suggest you ask your pro about the new '55 Power-Bilt. They have helped many golfers to improve their game.

Write for your free copy of the 1955 Power-Bilt Catalog. Dept. 34-5

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GOLF CLUBS



Made by the makers of Famous
LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BASEBALL BATS

Some people are in the mood but haven't the money . . .

Some people have the money but aren't in the mood . . .

Some people have both the mood and the money



There they go—the families who go down to the sea to fish for the big ones; to race or frolic under sail or outboard; to skin-dive or water-ski; or just plain saun—for the pure, happy fun of it.

They're the ones who keep out front—who made beachwear if not high fashion, highly fashionable . . . who first populated the suburban colonials and ranch houses . . . and brought the giant shopping centers out near them.

To make customers out of them for your products—there's one practical new way . . .

Each week 575,000 successful young families settle down for some pleasant hours with SPORTS ILLUSTRATED—the magazine published just for them. You can make use of this pleasure to talk business to them—by using its pages.



MAGAZINE OF TODAY'S SUCCESSFUL YOUNG FAMILIES

Circulation Now 575,000

EXECUTIVE ALLEY

continued from page 36

here on these alleys this season."

Edward J. Smith, former national handball competitor, Richard K. Degener, onetime Olympic diving titleholder, and Attorney Edward G. DeGree, a guard at Notre Dame during the era of the Four Horsemen, are among the star athletes who bowl. Palmer said the members buy at least one bowling ball a year "and they'll try anything new. All they have to hear is that a certain kind of grip helped someone's score and next thing you know practically everyone has one." The night before he left for the championships at Cleveland, Herbert A. Mertens, an executive of the National Bank of Detroit and a member of the Krakow Furniture team which won the ABC championship in 1937 in New York, picked up a "house" ball at a public bowling center and rolled a fine series with it. Elated, he asked the proprietor to have one drilled exactly like it first thing in the morning and sent to Cleveland by plane so he would receive it in time to bowl. The ball arrived, all right, but didn't fit. Mertens gave it away and bought another.

The Westchester Interclub started in 1934 when Charles Zeltner, who has a seat on the N.Y. Stock Exchange, wagered his friend Albert Baker, president of a coal company, that the best five bowlers at Scarsdale were better than those at Pelham. Walter Collet, a retired builder who still averages in the 180s and was a 200 man in those days, and Zeltner, a star of the Wall Street League, led Scarsdale to victory. The match was so close, however, that another was scheduled the following week, then another. The other club yawned about the competition

and, one by one, joined the fold until the Interclub became a full-fledged seven-team league.

In some 10 years as chairman of bowling, Zeltner introduced women's events and teen-age competitions. Today, under the chairmanship of Publishers Representative Frank P. Syms, the Scarsdale lanes are occupied from 9 a.m. through 11 p.m. seven days a week. Saturdays are reserved for the members' sons and daughters, who are supervised by Mrs. D. D. Strohmeier, wife of the Bethlehem Steel vice-president who skipped his yacht *Malay* to first place in the Newport-to-Bermuda race last year. The women's championship was won last month by Mrs. H. A. Donegan, wife of a lawyer, in a tight race with Mrs. Edward H. Edling (engineer), Mrs. J. D. Furman (traffic manager of N.Y. Telephone Co.) and Mrs. Barry T. Leithead (president of Cluett, Peabody & Co.).

COLLEGE KEGLING

Country club bowlers of the future are being groomed not only by their parents but by college and university leagues. The Midwest, especially, has fine university teams and the East is rapidly catching up. Fourteen teams participate annually for the Eastern Intercollegiate title and the best bowlers compete for the individual match-game championship in a tournament patterned after the All-Star in Chicago. Little Faleleigh Dickinson College of Rutherford, N.J. finished far in front of the league this season and its anchor man, handsome 26-year-old Ernest Bence, was awarded the Brunswick Trophy on April 3 when he de-

continued on next page



"I liked his retrieving better before I sent him to that fancy training school."

There's Only One!!



Shakespeare FIBER GLASS WONDEROD

THE STRAIGHT-FIBER ROD WITH THE SPIRAL MARKINGS

There's no substitute for Wonderod! Built under Shakespeare patents, they're the **ONLY** rods whose tough glass fibers run straight from butt to tip... with an around-60 or criss-crossed strands!

GET ALL 3 — ACTION, POWER, ACCURACY!

Only Wonderods give this famous "1-2-3-4" design and performance:

- 1. ACTION** where you want it — to work a lure and tense the big ones into striking.
- 2. POWER** where you need it — to set the hook and handle a hard-fighting fish.
- 3. ACCURACY** made easy at pointing your finger — with the famous Tru-Aim double offset handle.

Two BIG VALUE Bait casting WONDERODS right now \$162, partridge blade, 5 lengths—\$48.99; info No. 1115, de Luxe Wonderod, 5'2" or 5'8"—\$16.00.

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perfect for sportsmen



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Sweetest two tone styling
Ask your Blue Star dealer
for Blue Star factory boats



WORRY-WASHER

"My kids at various schools started mailing **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** around to each other. I just got it back. What's my opinion? It's slightly sensational. Sports are the one facet of modern life that can make you forget all the other facets. It's the great relaxer, the great worry-washer, the one great entertainer. It is men and women at play."

Frank Capra, Los Angeles, Calif.



VETERAN DETROITERS. Attorney W. H. Gallagher and Federal Judge Arthur Lederle, have bowled weekly for 12 years.

EXECUTIVE ALLEY

continued from page 67

feated Edward Lawrence of St. John's in the match finals at the City Hall Center in New York. Princeton, generally regarded as having the best collegiate bowlers in the East, has accepted an invitation to join the league next year.

All in all, it was the best year yet for so-called society bowling despite two psychological slaps: President Eisenhower relocated the two alleys installed in the White House by President Truman to the basement of the old State Department Building across the street, and the lanes built by Marshall Field 79 years ago in the carriage building of his Chicago estate were ordered destroyed along with his un-

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Sport & Vacation Carnival

in cooperation with **SPORTS**

the week of April 11 to 16





YOUNG COLLEGIAN Ernie Bence of Fairleigh Dickinson, 1935 Eastern champ, gastrophy from Philip Watterson of Pace.

occupied mansion. After his famous \$75,000 Mikado Ball in 1886 in honor of Marshall Field Jr., then 17, and his sister Ethel, 14—and after other lavish dinners and dances—guests had crossed the yard to the carriage building and walked down a flight of steps to the alleys. The most prominent American and foreign visitors of that era had bowled there. Today, living on the second floor as he has since he drove the Fields' carriages, is Gus Klemm, 80. After the Fields left and the mansion was converted into a school, Klemm sometimes went down to the dusty, neglected alleys where he had set up pins when he was a coachman. He never rolled a ball, however. Bowling, he said, was for the likes of gentlemen, not men of his humble station. **END**



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Guy Walling

MATCHWIT

MATCHWIT is the only duet crossword in the world. To solve it, couples may sit opposite each other at a card table or well-balanced lapboard. At the signal, both contestants start solving. The definitions are daffy—watch out for puns, anagrams and periscope; let your mind

wander. Some of the words link the two puzzles together, permitting one player to do the other in the eye. Save these till last. If both players get stuck, the puzzles may be reversed and the solving resumed. First one finished wins. It's designed for two but one can play it alone.

- DOWN**
1. Friend of Paula M.
 2. Swampland's address.
 3. Quack bet.
 4. Third rule for an answer.
 5. Fourth level drink.
 6. Character's last name.
 7. All the ways in Alaska.
 8. Given for party of eight.
 9. What they call a 10-pinture M.
 10. Swampland's parent.
 11. Not a free.
 12. Not a free.
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 96. Not a free.
 97. Not a free.
 98. Not a free.
 99. Not a free.
 100. Not a free.

ACROSS

1. Something hard to break.
2. After a day.
3. One's last name.
4. Not a free.
5. Not a free.
6. Not a free.
7. Not a free.
8. Not a free.
9. Not a free.
10. Not a free.
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79. Best S.A. dog.
81. Spun backward.
95. Reversible signal.
98. This is most common.
99. Insect is not jinn.
91. National brasserie.
92. Ate last and left and party.
94. One end of a golf club.
95. The big thing around capital-ism.
97. Do this after 25,000 miles.
98. What Does R. he
99. Wielded a bat in Dixie Dean talk.
100. Ana and Bada.
101. Hive talk.

DOWN

1. Scottish parrots.
2. An Army ending.
3. Two-lane U.
4. E.E. Barry's first name
5. In, later or in.
6. Leaves in a heap.
7. Statue of Chicago, 1971.
8. Silver-lined phenomenon
9. Space-liminary site.
10. Top rhinos.
11. They could be half of ashle.
12. The 400 eggs.
13. 'Tis he, in a ditcher.
14. He's half a leader
22. Highway sign.
24. Little degen held in contempt.
25. A little snow.
26. The best of friends.
28. Way to get places.
32. Second answer in the movies
34. Football player gone into second base.
35. Spread the news via Tribune.
36. Minor operations.
37. Country is australis.
38. The size of yesterday's hero
39. Kind of dust
41. Where the cube lives.
44. Bone suffices.
45. Miss in the East.
46. One of a shifty set.
52. No wonder horse this, though made of bones.
54. Radio, the Reindeer's end mark.
56. She knows Max well.
57. Famous dancer.
58. A real gone OH
60. Mr. Shutter's using dialect.
63. It's used on lochia
65. Quote part of artist.
67. Flap follower in opera.
68. Summer depositaries for snow try
69. Your present occupier.
76. Party to which M.D.'s belong
78. Geographical.
79. Kind of leader.
77. Broken seas.
78. Use store to make these.
84. Part of telescope used to rule fish.
87. Sleep big ball player
88. Impossible on the link.
89. Not for giving.
95. If this were plumed, it would be Grand
96. Supermarket, is the year 1.
97. They're full of brines.
98. It follows III or Dat.
99. He's of small caliber.
100. 100 yards.
101. Handy hat.
106. Matchwit silver.

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ACROSS

1. Mr. and Mrs.
6. Mr. Folio's first name.
11. Alpha's twin.
14. Army mascot.
19. Ready to nap.
20. Bats talk.
27. It's derived from an ice bag.
28. Quave among friends.
30. Bella's first name.
31. Nougat.
32. Nancy's neighbor in France.
33. Type of ads.
35. It can follow good or bad.
36. Stroll in Yosemite.
37. Nocturnal enterprise.
39. What a secretary keeps.
41. A market in a market.
43. Could-be greeting to Cliff or Jack.
46. A depression on the face of B.
49. West End of Southampton

45. It's found in the larder.
47. Young officer. Ahh.
48. Law more than state-wide.
49. Pool room.
50. Mysteriously, it's "all here."
51. Named a wreath.
52. The whole damn family.
53. Oil can silence him.
55. M.I.T. and others.
56. Men of Salem.
58. Sign up, Levee!
59. Workers with arms.
62. Contents of the 5-foot shell.
64. Run into expense in the end.
67. The tide has turned.
68. Shout, shout, shout, shout.
69. Old Fashioned girl.
71. Letter from Athens.
73. People from the Combs.
74. Opposite of hem! Poet.
76. Bad business for the betting average.
78. Kind of pro.

SOLUTION WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE



**"NO HANDICAP"
SHORT FOR
ACTIVE SPORTS WEAR**



SAM SNEAD'S
All Sport

If you don't break par, you can't blame this shirt! Sponsored by Sam Snead, it is porous-knit of fine cotton yarns and styled for no-hind comfort in action. Good-looking, too. About \$5.50. You'll find it in a range of colors at Layton's, Chicago; Julian Lewis, Memphis; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Flint and Kent, Buffalo; Clyde Campbell, Fort Worth. Or write for name of store near you.

MERRILL-SHARPE Ltd.

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of east and west

"For a few magical minutes on a May morning in 1953 a man of the East and a man of the West stood side by side on the summit of the earth..." wrote James Ramsey Ullman in his book, *The Age of Mountaineering*.

The man of the East was Tenzing Norgay, an illiterate Sherpa of Nepal, whose strength of character, broad spirit and indomitable curiosity carried him, in company with Edmund Hillary, where no man had ever been before, where many men had tried, but failed, to be.

In SPORTS ILLUSTRATED next week begins the four-installment autobiography of Tenzing, climber of Mt. Everest, in collaboration with the brilliant writer on mountaineering, James Ramsey Ullman.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

April 15 through April 24

FRIDAY, APRIL 16

- Baseball**
● New York vs. Brooklyn, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).
Baseball
● Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Milwaukee.
Boxing
● Holly Alms vs. Bobby Jones, middleweights.
● Philadelphia (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC).

SATURDAY, APRIL 16

- Auto Racing**
AAA 150-lap midget race, Gardena, Calif.
Baseball
● New York vs. Philadelphia, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS*).
● Detroit vs. Kansas City, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).
Baseball
● Harlem Globetrotters vs. College All-Americans, Detroit.
Boxing
Natl. doubles match game tournament, Louisville, Ky.
Boxing
Edouard Lausse vs. George Small, middleweights, Boston Arena (10 rds.).
Hurdle
Natl. AAU sr. 4-wk. championships, New Haven, Conn.

- Horse Racing**
Governor's Gold Cup, \$30,000, 6 f., 3-yr.-olds, Bowie, Md.
● Excelsior Handicap, \$25,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).

- Hunt Racing**
Ily Lady's Manor Point-to-Point, Moores, Md.

- Indoor Polo**
Natl. sr. tournament begins, Squadron A Armory, N.Y.

- Pocket Billiards**
World championship tournament, Philadelphia.

- Slip**
N. American downhill, slalom, combined championships, Norden, Calif.
Sagar Slalom, Stowe, Vt.

- Swimming & Diving**
YMCA indoor heats, Tucson, Ariz.

- Table Tennis**
World championships begin, Utrecht, Holland.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17

- Auto Racing**
AAA sprint car races, Williams Grove, Pa. & Lake-side Squareway, Kansas City, Kan.
NASCAR 100-m. race, Montgomery, Ala.

- Baseball**
● New York vs. Philadelphia, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

- Chess**
Int'l. Jubilee Tournament, Buenos Aires.

MONDAY, APRIL 18

- Baseball**
● New York vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

- Boxing**
● Milo Savage vs. Bobby Boyd, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).
● Johnny Basso vs. Gene Pomer, welterweights, Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC*).

- Horse Racing**
Lincoln Special, \$50,000 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Lincoln Downs, R.I.
Correction Handicap, \$25,000 6 f., 3-yr.-olds up, 10m, Jamaica, N.Y.

- Tennis**
Breer Dicks Invitational begins, Houston, Tex.

TUESDAY, APRIL 19

- Baseball**
● New York vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds, N.Y., 1:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

- Boxing**
Sandy Saddler vs. Joey Lopes, featherweights (main), Sacramento, Calif. (10 rds.).

- Track**
Boston AA Marathon, Boston.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20

- Baseball**
● Chicago vs. Milwaukee, Wrigley Field, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (Mutual*).

- Boxing**
● Jimmy Carter vs. Orlando Zabala, lightweights (main), Washington, D.C. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).
Interservice championships, Oakland, Calif.

THURSDAY, APRIL 21

- Baseball**
● Detroit vs. Chicago, Briggs Stadium, Detroit, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

- Boxing**
Luther Rawlings vs. Joe Miceli, welterweights, St. Louis (10 rds.).

- Golf**
Virginia PGA Open begins, Virginia Beach, Va.
Ladies PGA Open, Carlsbad, Ca.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22

- Baseball**
● New York vs. Boston, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (Mutual*).

- Boxing**
● Willie Pastrano vs. Enne Durando, middleweights, Chicago Stadium (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS).

SATURDAY, APRIL 23

- Auto Racing**
AAA sprint car races, Hatfield, Pa.

- Baseball**
● Brooklyn vs. New York, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 1:55 p.m. (CBS-TV; Mutual radio*).

- Horse Racing**
● Wood Memorial, \$100,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. (ABC).
Golden Gate Mile, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds up, Golden Gate Fields, Albany, Calif.

- Hunt Racing**
Grand Nat'l. Point-to-Point, Butler, Md.

- Indoor Polo**
Natl. sr. tournament, Squadron A Armory, N.Y.

- Boxing**
Chiles Cup Regatta (Columbia, Penn., Princeton), Philadelphia.

- Swimming**
New England spring intercollegiate college regatta, Boston, Mass.

- Track & Field**
Kansas Relay, Lawrence, Kan.
Ohio State Relays, Columbus, Ohio.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24

- Auto Racing**
NASCAR 150-m. race, Longhorns, Pa.
AAA sprint car race, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
AAA 100-lap midget race, Oklahoma City, Okla.
SCCA nat'l. race, Pebble Beach, Calif.

- Baseball**
● Brooklyn vs. New York, Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, N.Y., 2 p.m. E.D.T. (Mutual*).

- Boxing**
Percy Bannett vs. Seraphin Ferrer, lightweights, Paris (10 rds.).

- Motorboating**
Outboard marathon regatta, Virginia Beach, Va.

- Slip**
Silver Belt Invitational Trophy Race, Norden, Calif.

- *See local listing

THE MASTER ON THE MASTERS

Sirs:

I recall that I wrote in the preface to Herb Wind's book, *The Complete Golfer*, that he was a "fine, sensitive writer on the game" of golf. Certainly no better proof of this appraisal could be had than the wonderful story he did on the Masters Tournament for your Apr. 4th issue. His estimate of the golf course, its distinguishing characteristics and its effect upon tournament players so exactly coincides with my own thinking that I should be happy to appropriate it verbatim. Whether or not the conception will be approved by all, Herb has as accurately as possible interpreted our aims both in developing the course and in the conduct of the tournament.

The whole thing reflects perfectly what we would like the Masters to be and what we have never allowed ourselves to dare to hope it is. At any rate, if we are able to live up even closely to Herb's generous estimate, Cliff Roberts and I shall both be very happy.

We are grateful indeed to Herb for his writing and to you and the others on your magazine for the splendid picture layout.

Bob Jones

Atlanta

SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE GAME

Sirs:

Enter my name in APPPPFF. When a man (Willie Pep) can box masterfully for at least eight of 10 rounds and lose a decision to a bewildered opponent, there must be something wrong with the fight game.

CHANDLER F. HARRIS

Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

NOW I HAVE SEEN IT

Sirs:

I watched the Cadill-Willie Pep fight on television and became so infuriated with the decision that I swore I would never watch another boxing "exhibition." I have long been a TV fan but this was the last straw. I had the score nine rounds to Pep, one round to Cadill.

I had read of your bias against the IBC (Norris, president) but for some reason managed to brush it all off with a haughty attitude and kept my vigilance two nights a week. The Pep fight was the crowning blow. I realized that it was no longer a sport. Your explanation in the Apr. 11th EVENTS & DISCOVERIES was a real revelation to me. Now I have actually seen that the boxing business is a swindle. I will keep reading your magazine and will look forward to the day when you tell me that it is perfectly okay for me to turn on my TV set again and that the sport I love to watch is worth my honest time.

BILL MYERS

New York

UNHAPPY CROWS

Sirs:

The last paragraph of Apr. 4th EVENTS & DISCOVERIES, "Calling All Crows," has disturbed the peace in our family.

My husband Chuck says, "farmers and

conservationists care very much . . ." means farmers and conservationists are happy to see such huge numbers of crows killed.

I say it means that they are unhappy to see the crows slaughtered, as are the crows.

For heaven's sake, settle this.

JO ANSONSON

Arcade, N.Y.

● Only a crow's immediate family mourns its passing. Crows are predators that grow fat on crops, birds' eggs and fledglings. The U.S. biological survey has found areas where one adult crow destroyed more than 120 ducklings and eggs.—ED.

MANY FINISHED STANDING

Sirs:

While rowing in Mexico City in the Pan-American Games, I naturally experienced difficulty with the altitude; but, I assure you, it was not so bad as the impression you created in your Mar. 28th issue. I'm afraid that any athlete thinking of competing in Mexico City from now on will be scared to death. You neglected to show any pictures of the majority of the athletes who managed to finish standing up.

It seemed to me that in any competition that took longer than one minute, athletes were affected by lack of air pressure and one just had to be sensible enough to allow for this and gear down his pace in order to have something left to finish the race.

I was a little disappointed in your article concerning the Pan-American Games in your Apr. 4th issue because there was not one picture of an American athlete or an American team. I think that our athletes deserve more because, in general, they did extremely well, considering that it was out of season for us and that the Argentines

made such a tremendous national effort to do as well as possible in these games.

The Argentine teams were at the height of their season and all arrived about a month early to acclimatize themselves to the altitude. In my sport, for example, they brought their own boats and we had to borrow Mexican shells because of the lack of money we had available for the trip. All of our funds had to be raised by the individual participants whereas the Argentines had government sponsorship.

But, I must say, in general your magazine does what I consider an excellent job, and I hope it will continue its present success for many, many years.

JOHN B. KELLY, JR.

Philadelphia

● The Pan-American Games gave SI an opportunity to take a look at Central and South American athletes seldom seen in this country. The article by Dave Richardson that accompanied these pictures summarizes the accomplishments of U.S. contestants, whose faces should be as familiar to sports enthusiasts as that of Singles Seulls Champion Jack Kelly.—ED.

PRODIGIOUS GLORIES

Sirs:

I want to express my deepest gratitude to the publishers and editors of SI for having paid tribute to one of the most unforgettable group of players which were ever assembled to mark one of the most glorious and memorable episodes in the history of Italian soccer.

It was with mixed emotions of joy and grief I read the article *Disaster at Turin* (SI, Apr. 4) because I too was one of the millions of ardent tifosi of B Grande Torino.

Continued on next page



John
Tempel

Although tragedy ended all the glories of the prodigy team, the name of The Great Twin will always be remembered with pride and deep sentiment by everyone who admired the almost magic play of every member of the team.

Thanks and thank again.

VINCENT GANCE

Hartford, Conn.

UNTHINKABLE AND OUTRAGEOUS

Sirs:

"Athletic Officer's Name Withheld" (1978 HOLE, Apr. 11) said two things about Air Force basketball which were so completely hallucinatory that I cannot keep silent.

The Air Force interbase athletic program is for the benefit of outstanding players? Not so—regardless of what garbled regulations may say. Such programs cost thousands of dollars in base welfare funds. It is unthinkable, even outrageous, to suppose that this money is spent for the benefit of the few participating athletes. The base team is for the benefit of all the base—for morale, esprit de corps, base pride and spectator recreation.

The Air Force World Tournament was a farce? Not so—as a quick check of the records will stunningly confirm. In its last four crucial tournament games, Andrews AF Base lost one by 12 points, won one in the last minute and won another in the last 20 seconds. Only the finale was won by a comfortable margin.

In top-flight competition such as the Air Force and services provide, individual stars are plentiful. But traits like selfless team play, magnificent physical condition and undimittable will-to-win are scarce. Andrews cherished these traits and was rewarded.

JOHN TOOMAY

Coach

Andrews AF Base Rockets

Washington

MOTHER KNOWS BEST, MAYBE

Sirs:

In the 1978 HOLE, Feb. 14th, a Mr. Robert M. Crowell used the word "hemipygian," which has proved to be a mystery to the entire wardroom.

At first one or two of us merely asked our brother officers if they knew what the word meant, then we started consulting the various dictionaries on board, but with no success. These included the Webster Pocket Edition, Funk and Wagnalls and the college dictionary. I wrote my mother in Los Angeles and asked her to check at the municipal library and at the University of Southern California. Yesterday I received a reply stating that neither source had the subject word listed; therefore, I am turning to you for enlightenment. Just what in the hell does the word "hemipygian" mean?

LT. JG. ERNEST D. FRASER

San Francisco

● Hemipygian is an adjectival agglutination of the Greek roots *hemis*, half, and *pygal*, meaning rump.—E.D.

ROAD TEST

Sirs:

I have just read John Bentley's article on the Chrysler 300 and I thought it was terrific.

I am always interested in automobile tests and I read all the tests that appear in automobile magazines, but I have yet to read one as good as Mr. Bentley's.

Keep up the great work, after all it is the greatest magazine of sports enthusiasts.

ROY KRAMER

Holland, Mich.

SEBRING

Sirs:

I was very much interested in John Bentley's column, *Long Ride*. "This is How It Was at Sebring." In reading this article I became greatly confused and was quite dubious that we were both running in the same race. It was unfortunate that Mr. Bentley ran out of gas away from the pits and had to get assistance in order to refuel.

There is no doubt that he lost a great deal of time in making this unscheduled stop. In the article he tells of making up time by increasing his speed, and states that just before darkness he had four laps to go to gain the lead in Class G. Later in the article Mr. Bentley states that he made

his last refueling stop at 9 P.M. while completing his 118th lap. He then states that he was gaining 10 seconds a lap on the third-place Porsche, which was the car I was driving and which at the time was in second place, not third. We likewise had made a 9 P.M. refueling stop and while in the pits we lost our first-place lead and dropped to second. It might be of interest that at 9:00 we had completed 139 laps, or 21 more than Mr. Bentley, or 109 miles ahead of Mr. Bentley in his Abarth. I do not see how Mr. Bentley had any hopes of making up this deficit in the last hour.

It should be noted that between the hours of 9 and 9:40 P.M. the Lotus No. 79 was the leader in Class G. It was only in the last 20 minutes of the race that we were able to regain our lead and go on to take first place in the class.

Unfortunately, No. 79 was pushed from its pit to the starting line at the finish of the race in order to cross the finish line and was disqualified for an infraction of the rules. This deprived them of a well-deserved second-place win.

Mr. Bentley fails to mention which car won the race and the cars that won their respective classes. It is worthy of mention that, while the Porsche was steadily grinding home to victory in Class G, it had no mechanical failure whatsoever, taking on only gas and never changing tires for 12 hours.

PAUL O'SHEA

Rye, N.Y.

● SI reported the Sebring meet over three issues. Mar. 14 carried SI's preview of entries and drivers. In WONDERFUL WORLD, Mar. 21 readers saw a two-page spread of pictures and text on the race itself. John Bentley's Mar. 28th column was a personal account of his Abarth's performance, written shortly after the race. According to the official AAA lap chart, both Bentley and O'Shea err in their accounts. At 9 P.M., one hour before the end, John Bentley had completed 125 laps (not 118 as he thought) and Mr. O'Shea's Porsche had completed 157 laps and not 139. The Abarth was therefore trailing the Porsche by 12 laps and not 21. Bentley did not state that he hoped to gain the lead by increasing his speed, specifically said: "... with an hour left there was no hope of making up the deficit—unless something happened to one of our rivals." In a 12-hour race such as Sebring where 80 cars are competing not only for an overall win but also in a variety of classes, keeping lap records is difficult. The officials themselves were not able to confirm some results until eight days after the race. The AAA official lap chart also shows that Mr. O'Shea's Porsche moved into the lead for the first time 20 minutes before the end when the 79 Lotus, Class G leader up till then, ran into a bale of hay on a turn and cracked its radiator. He therefore did not "regain" the lead. Only one other car besides the sturdy Porsche was able to finish—the Sata driven by Penn and Wierdon.—E.D.



"I daresay one of us had better jolly well put on a shooting jacket."

MY YOUNG FRIEND

Sirs: Some months ago an article appeared in *SI* regarding a young boy who had shot a deer on his first hunting trip (SI, Dec. 20). I have a young 13-year-old friend, Wes Daines, who lives in Billings, Mont. The 1,200-pound moose was killed with one shot by him and, fortunately, close enough to a lumber camp so that they were able to drag it in with a team and also had a boom to assist in loading it on a truck. I might also add he got a deer this past season, as well as an antelope.

It is a rare experience for such a young fellow, don't you think?

R. S. ENGMAN

Minneapolis

● Yes, and rare for the moose too. —ED.



WES DAINES AND MOOSE

SURPRISE

Sirs: Although I considered *SI's* Mar. 21 gymnastics color spread the most wonderful pleasure and tribute to gymnastics, I did not feel that Penn State would win the national title. However, little did I know at the time that the University of Illinois would be National Team Champion!

Be that as it may, I want to commend you for realizing that gymnastics is becoming a major sport in the United States.

The National AAU Championship will be held at Rochester, N. Y. on Apr. 29 and 30. My team will have several outstanding individual entrants in this meet.

My heartiest thanks for your inclusion of gymnastics in your wonderful magazine. Let's have much more coverage in this field.

CHARLIE POND
Gymnastics Coach
University of Illinois

Champaign, Ill.

TOUGH ON THE HEAD

Sirs: Your Apr. 4th issue topped 'em all with the feature, *Grace in a Dive*. Lee Griggs certainly captured the essence of what competitive diving really means. I sat on the edge of my chair while digesting the paragraph describing the rigors and training of exhibition diving. I still remember what it

meant to try sleeping or eating just before a big meet. Most divers I know (this one included) literally inhaled their pre-meet chow, then spent the rest of the time prior to the diving event getting rid of same; no food could sit very well on a stomach that behaved like an intestinal roller coaster.

As for diving scars, the men are just about as beat up as the women. In four years of intercollegiate diving I've caught chin, ankle, short ribs, shinbone and knee on the butt ends of some real choice pieces of wood. It is a tossup as to which is tougher on the head, wood or water. . . .

I am in agreement with the idea that for a diver to ever realize his or her greatest potential it takes three to five years of daily practice and competitive diving. I have found that the experience of competition, the tougher the better, builds up a great deal of poise in a beginning diver. The confidence gained in competition will help a diver pull down a brace of eights instead of sixes or sevens from a bunch of hard-nosed judges when the chips are down. Naturally, Olympic springboard men like Miller Anderson, Bruce Harlan or Skip Browning can't move a finger out of line if they expect to maintain a first-place lead. I always thought Anderson was the greatest in three-meter diving when I saw him perform both before and after the war.

Diving out in these parts is relatively unknown. . . . water is for drinking, fishing or irrigation.

RICHARD B. POWERS
Grand Junction, Colo.

SUCCESSFUL FAMILY

Sirs:

The Apr. 4th issue contained two items of special interest to members and friends of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. First, Jimmy Jacobs, playing for the club, won the national four-wall handball championship, and the matches were played at the club.

Second, your marvelous story and color spread on girl divers concerned three of our Los Angeles Athletic Club family—Glenn

McCormick, our diving coach, and two members of our club team, Pat McCormick and Ann Cooper. Glenn teaches diving to our members, and both girls work out at the club daily.

As an interesting sidelight to your diving story, we would like to point out that if Ann Cooper is a threat to Pat McCormick it might be because of the help that Pat has given to Ann and our other young divers. Pat is the type of girl who is never too busy to help youngsters on their way up and she is the inspiration for all her teammates.

Funds for training of these young athletes and others are provided by the club, and all members are proud of their part in this contribution to sports. As a matter of fact, many of these youngsters would never have a full chance to develop their talents except for the efforts of clubs such as ours. . . .

Our many members consider *SI* a reading "must," and as they are naturally proud of the achievements of club teams, they cannot help but wonder why their club received so mention.

You will next hear from our girls at the National Championships in Florida. When this story is told, all club members join me in the hope that their club will receive the recognition that is so encouraging.

FRANK G. HATHAWAY
President
Los Angeles Athletic Club

Los Angeles

REFRESHER COURSE

Sirs:

As a golf professional who is interested in preserving the etiquette of golf I wish to congratulate you and the magazine for your well-written page of golf etiquette which appeared Apr. 4th. I am sure that this *You Should Know* will benefit not only the beginners in golf but also refresh the memories of all the older players.

JIM FOGERTY

Sappington, Mo.

● For Fogerty's tip on lining up your shot, see *SI*, Mar. 21. —ED.



PAT ON THE BACK

A salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines



**PHILIP DUBOIS and
ROBERT MONKS**

The world's oldest crew race—Britain's venerable Oxford-Cambridge four-mile classic—bore a distinctly American tinge this year, with two husky Americans from Harvard rowing in the Cambridge shell. Phil duBois (left) at No. 2 oar and Bob Monks at No. 6, both members of Trinity College, helped Cambridge win by a whopping 16 lengths. DuBois is from Ridgefield, Conn. and captained the Harvard varsity crew in 1953; Monks, a Bostonian, was a varsity crewman at Harvard last year. DuBois is in his second year at Cambridge, reading geophysics. Monks is a Fiske scholar in history.



BETH WHITTALL

Eighteen-year-old Beth Whittall of Montreal is blonde-haired, blue-eyed and very pretty. She can also swim—just how well no one realized until the Pan-American Games. At Mexico City, in the space of a single hour and in the face of oxygen fatigue at high altitude, Beth won two first-place gold medals for Canada and swam a relay leg to boot. The trim Purdue sophomore first scored an upset victory in the 100-meter butterfly; then, hardly dry, she re-entered the pool and won the 400-meter freestyle with a late driving sprint. About 45 minutes later she did the 100-yard butterfly leg of the medley relay, helped her team finish second.



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